THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 1 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1927.

Historical Society

Poultry Fair!

Napanee Poultry Fair

Nov. 30, - Dec. 1

The President and Directors of the

ROYAL WINTER FAIR

desire to give expression to their appreciation of the generous patronage which the public have extended the sixth "Royal"—a fitting tribute to Canadian Agriculture in this Jubilee Year, and for the Fair an unparalleled success.

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

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NAPANEE, ONT.

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15tf

DOXSEE & CO.

Millinery

Hats take new lines and indicate the return of trimmings. Shapes are still head-fitting, and the domed crown sometimes adjusts a Russian coronet, turns back a slashed brim, droops, a tiny brush at the side, or wears a velvet applique.

Combinations of Velvet and Metal, Satin and Metal, including all metal at greatly reduced prices. **$1.50 and $2.90.**

Specials in Ladies' Silk Underwear and Hosiery.

Rayon Silk Vests, **$1.25, $1.50 each.**

Rayon Silk Bloomers **$1.60, $2.25, $2.75 each.**

Rayon Silk Gowns **$3.00 and $3.25.**

It is Tex Hosiery, full fashioned, all shades and sizes, **$2 pair.**

Silk Hosiery, in full range of colors and sizes, **$1.00 and $1.50 per pair.**

The Leading Millinery House

Bargains

$25 Suits and Overcoats at $19.75

Boys' Bloomer Suits

HALF PRICE

$2.50 English Broadcloth Shirts going for **$1.95**

Liberal Discounts on all lines of merchandise

FOR CASH.

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Albert Davis, late of the Township of Ernestown in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proof thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 23rd day of December, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.

52-d

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

LOST—A Musk-ox robe. Finder please return to G. W. GIBBARD and receive reward.

FOR SALE—Quebec Heater and five dining room chairs. Apply to MRS. T. FOX, Robert street. 52-ap

HOUSE FOR SALE—On West street, all modern conveniences, good barn, well and garden. Apply to J. H. KELLAR on premises. 1-bp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Upright Heintzman Piano, Mahogany case, in first class condition. Apply to Mrs. F. P. Douglas, 130 Union street Kingston or Mrs. W. J. Doller, Napanee. 51-b

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to E. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALACE CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—Seven roomed house, all convenences, square place, hardwood floors, staircase, good basement and furnace, good barn, large lot, well treed, good locality. A comfortable home and a good buy. Apply WM. DAVIS, Graham street. 42-tf

POULTRY DAY

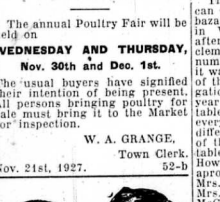
The annual Poultry Fair will be held on

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st.

The usual buyers have signified their intention of being present. All persons bringing poultry for sale must bring it to the Market for inspection.

W. A. GRANGE,
Town Clerk.

Nov. 21st, 1927. 52-b



Pember's

At Campbell House, Napanee : on :

Monday, Dec'r. 12th

Hair Goods

For men and women including the Dorenwend Patent Structures.

Call and see our representative, Mr. Wurm. He will have a fine assortment of hair goods to show you. Our prices are reasonable.

The W. T. Pember Stores Limited

129 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont.

ODESSA.

John Hurford passed away November 14th at the Kingston General Hospital. Deceased had made his home with Alexander Laughlin for about fifteen years, and the funeral was held from there. Rev. Moffat, Wilton, officiated and interment took place at Union cemetery. Deceased had passed his three score and ten years. His mother resides in England. He was highly respected.

Miss Laura Fraser is visiting relatives in Oshawa and Toronto.

Fred Sproule has returned to Toronto, after spending some time at his home here.

Mrs. Price, Newburgh, has been spending the past two weeks the guest of Mrs. Henry Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Vrooman have returned from spending a week with friends in Buffalo.

The Telgmann Concert Company, Kingston, will give an interesting play in the town hall last Thursday night in behalf of the Mission Circle. It was entitled "June Time."

YARKER.

The farmers state the recent rains are just what were needed to soak the land before winter sets in. Fall plowing is about done.

Mr. Wallace has taken over the caretaking of the United Church.

With very few exceptions, deer hunters secured a deer each.

It was Delbert Cassidy who was killed in British Columbia, not Tice.

Mr. Edgar has completed the sun room on the Montreal Bank here. Mr. Edgar has the contract for the Presbyterian Manse in Wilton.

Mr. A. A. Martin and wife, Miss Miss McBride and Miss Rattray were tea guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Freeman on Monday last.

Miss Marion Goodberry has returned from Niagara Falls and is visiting her sister, Mrs. Carl Benn.

Many of the country roads are in such a bad state it is dangerous to run cars over them and many accidents are reported.

Mrs. D. Dafoe had the misfortune to fall, breaking her leg, just above her angle.

Mr. Jim Bowman of the Montreal Bank here, spent Sunday last in Kingston.

Merl and Allen Wright entertained friends at tea on Sunday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Winter received congratulations on completing fifty-two years of married life. Mr. Winter is a former Kingstonian and Mrs. Winter is from Odessa.

The Get-Together Social in the League Hall was well attended by the adherents of the United Church. Mr. Wilson, of Napanee, gave an interesting address on his European trip.

STELLA.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Glenn attended the banquet in Napanee on Thursday evening, given by the Warden, G. G. Hepburn. Reeve Glenn also attended the closing session of the County Council for the year.

Municipal affairs are now the subject of conversation here. It is said that Wm J. Glenn, who was elected by acclamation to the Township of Amherst Island last year, and who has fulfilled the duties of his office to the best of his ability, will not be open for nomination again, but if the present reports be true, two prominent members of the Council and an ex-reeve will be in the running for honors. Nomination day will tell the tale.

Quite a number of the farmers are killing their poultry for the fair held in Napanee on Wednesday and Thursday.

The Ladies Guild of the Anglican church, held their annual bazaar, fowl supper and movies in Victoria Hall on Thursday afternoon and evening. The inclement weather kept quite a number away, but nevertheless it was well patronized. The work of the good ladies of the congregation in general during the past year was shown by the well-filled tables of valuable goods. Nearly everything was disposed of. The different stands were in charge of the following: Fancy work table, Mrs. F. Howard, Mrs. P. Howard and Mrs. J. A. Tugwell; apron table, Mrs. T. Leech and Mrs. Wm. Hitchins; candy table, Mrs. F. S. Neilson and Miss R. McGuinness; fish pond, Mrs. Clifford Sudds, Mrs. Neil-son, Mrs. Irvine Tugwell and Miss Hertley Fleming, assisted by other ladies, had charge of the supper tables. The admission fee was received by Mrs. A. U. Reginald Instant. After the supper things were cleared away the W.M.A. Parliament, in charge of Miss Mary Leech, was brought into use, displaying many excellent films to the enjoyment of everyone present. The whole event was decidedly successful, about $250.00 being realized.

The steamer Brockville was wind-bound at Stella on Saturday on her way west.

Connor's, Wemp and Marshall, butchers and drovers, shipped a heavy consignment of cattle and hogs to the city on Tuesday last.

Hugh Filson, J. A. Tugwell and R. Tugwell attended the Winter Fair in Toronto last week.

The sloop, Grainger, arrived on Sunday with a well drill, which will be engaged here for some time.

Grain was loaded at the Neilson warehouse, consigned to the Richardson elevator, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, Buffalo, N.Y., are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller.

THE WARDEN'S SUPPER

The Warden's supper, which concludes social events in connection with the County Council, was given by Warden and Mrs. G. H. Young, who were hosts to about 125 citizens and officials of the town and county on Thursday evening.

While the guests were gathering for the banquet, a local orchestra supplied music until the guests repaired to the dining room, where a choice menu awaited their attention.

Following the satisfying of the appetites of the guests, Mr. W. G. Wilson, veteran clerk of the county, presided as chairman having with him at the head table, Warden and Mrs. Young, Hon. W. D. Black, speaker of the Ontario Legislature, Rev. and Mrs. Dumbrille, Dr. Ming, M.L.A., for Lennox-Frontenac and Mr. C. W. Hambly, ex-M.L.A., and Mrs. Hambly.

A short toast-list had been prepared, Mr. Wilson first proposing one to the King, followed by Grace by Rev. Dumbrille, after which Mr. Young, in a very few well-chosen words, thanked the guests for their presence and expressed the wish that all would enjoy themselves thoroughly. He considered it a great honor to have been the warden of the county, and was delighted to meet people representing all sections of the community.

The toast to the Federal and Provincial Legislatures was proposed by Mr. C. W. Hambly and was responded to by Mr. Ming and Hon. W. D. Black, who on rising stated that every citizen was fully acquainted with Provincial affairs and he would confine his few remarks to other topics. Speaking of the tourist question, Mr. Black pointed out that it was a very important source of income to this Province and the increased expenditure on our good roads was amply justified by the returns from the tourist traffic, without counting their necessity for other reasons. Mr. Black advocated a new provincial highway for the long stretch of country from Peterborough eastwardly, which contains as fine hunting, fishing and camping grounds as were to be found on the continent, and such a road would draw an immense amount of tourist traffic to this country. Hon. Dr. Edwards had been expected to be present, but was unable to come.

A toast to the County Council was proposed by Mr. J. A. Laughland who expressed his appreciation of the assistance of the County Council in carrying on the work of the local office of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. Mr. G. A. Aylsworth, Reeve of Newburgh, said that he was pleased to state that the county had this year made a start in laying permanent roads and though the stretches were short. Education also, is continually calling for more money from the county and though the council has spent all the available money and then some more, he was satisfied that the county received good value for the expenditure.

The toast, "Government and County Officials," was proposed by Mr. J. S. Johnston, reeve of Adolphustown, who is one of the oldest members of the County Council in point of service. Mr. C. M. Wilson, in replying to the toast, congratulated the county council on the happy relations existing between the council and the officials.

Mr Bert Elliott, reeve of South Fredericksburgh, proposed the toast, inviting any or all of the guests present to respond, but none of them seemed inclined to do so.

During the evening, Messrs. Shannon, Vandervoort, Caldwell and Waite, Miss McGraw and Mrs. Powell, together with the orchestra, added much to the enjoymnt of the evening with their musical numbers.

The banquet closed with "Auld Lang Syne."

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

DESERONTO.

Mr. Leo Naphin, of Hamilton, is the guest of his parents.

Mr. William Hetherington has returned from Toronto and is the guest of his mother, Mrs. R. Hetherington.

An apron shower in aid of St. Mark's church, was held at the home of Mrs. Aaron Harband on Friday night. Many nice aprons were brought and refreshments were served.

Mr. Thomas Hetherington, of the Standard Bank staff, Belleville, spent Sunday at his home here.

Miss Ursula Brennan, of Kingston, spent the week-end at her home here.

Mrs. D. R. Jones is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mr. James Naphin, of Napanee, spent the week-end at his home here.

Mr. William Joyce, of the Standard Bank Staff, Napanee, spent the week-end at his home here.

Mrs. McGuinness, of Prince Edward County, was a caller in town on Sunday.

Miss Nellie Madigan, of Buffalo, N.Y., is at her home here.

Rev. Mr. Pringle, of the parish of Tyendinaga, was the preacher at St. Mark's church on Sunday night.

Stoves.

See our splendid line of Quebec cooking stoves and circulating heaters.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

SEVEN KILLED, 33 HURT WHEN TRAINS CRASH

EYE WITNESSES GIVE VIVID STORY OF TERROR FOLLOWING WRECK.

Travelling at a terrific speed, the westbound C.P.R. train, en route to Toronto and Chicago, crashed into a freight train which was backing into a siding about four miles north of Enterprise on Sunday afternoon, resulting in four deaths. Thirty-three people were injured.

The dead are: Engineer William Burnett, Smith's Falls, two unidentified foreigners, and an unidentified woman.

Fireman Robert Post is in the Smith's Falls hospital seriously injured. His freight leg had to be amputated at the knee. His left knee cap was broken. He is also suffering from other injuries.

Engineer Bradford, of Smith's Falls, is in Smith's Falls hospital with a broken shoulder blade. His condition is considered favorable.

The two locomotives were derailed, also six passenger coaches, three freight cars, and half a carload of mail from England was destroyed by by fire which broke out after the wreck.

The accident occurred about 2.13 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when regular passenger train No. 919 from Montreal collided with an east-bound freight train at Dockrill, about four miles from Enterprise.

TRIED TO FLAG FLIER.

The east bound freight train, in charge of Conductor Hogg and Engineer Bradford, of Smith's Falls, should have taken the siding at Dockrill, but the engineer miscalculated the speed of his train and ran past the siding. He stopped as soon as he could and cut off from his 46-car train, all but five cars. He then attempted to run to the other end of the siding to flag the oncoming passenger train. He was making good speed, but his vision was obscured by a curve in the track before he could reach the end of the siding and flag the train, it came around the curve at terrific speed and the result was a head-on collision.

BRAKEMAN JUMPED CLEAR

The brakeman of the freight train saw the passenger train approaching and shouted to the engineer to jump. The engineer did not have time to jump, but the brakeman jumped clear of the track. The fireman of the freight train had left the car at the west end of the siding to open the switch, and therefore was not in the collision.

The passenger train was in charge of Conductor Perry, of Toronto, and Engineer Burnett, of Smith's Falls.

The passenger train was nine cars in length. The first car after the locomotive tender was the baggage car, while the third was a colonist car in which the three passengers lost their lives.

The colonist car, which was of wood construction, was badly smashed, but the first class coaches, which were of steel construction, stood the strain well, a fact which created great amazement among railway men. is that the 2,300 engine on the passenger train, which was believed to be unbreakable, was in this collision, smashed to pieces.

The force of the impact when the two trains met was so great that the freight train was thrown back one hundred feet. Both locomotives were thrown to the north side of the track, while the tender of one locomotive landed on the south-west side of the track.

Two steel passenger coaches were found standing side by side on the track after the wreck.

Fire broke out almost immediately following the wreck and had not totally been extinguished at 8 o'clock on Monday morning.

At the time of the wreck Monday forenoon is was not known whether or not others had been killed in the wreck, but every effort possible was being put forth to clear away the wreckage, and it was expected that more definite information would be available by noon.

The bodies of the four persons killed were removed to Enterprise by passengers who were not injured and those who suffered slight injuries were taken on to Toronto on another train via Tichborne and Sharbot Lake. This train arrived in Toronto at 12.40 Monday morning, when the injured were removed to hospitals. One man is said to be suffering from loss of memory.

The train was due at Toronto at 12.40 Monday morning should have reached Toronto at 5.55 p.m. Sunday.

Wrecking crews called from Trenton and Smith's Falls arrived at the scene of the accident at 4.30 from Trenton and 6.10 from Smith's Falls. They brought with them doctors and nurses.

Following the wreck a panic ensued among the passengers. Most of them in the first-class coaches escaped from the train easily, but they were all badly shaken up. The colonist car was the scene of great distress. Entire families were divided and mothers and children searched frantically for one another, while the shrieks and groans of the injured and dying rose above the hissing of steam.

Thomas Kenny, who lives almost at the spot where the wreck took place, was one of the first on the scene. He says that the scene presented beggared description. He assisted with the carrying of the injured passengers to places of safety, while other men of the neighborhood quickly gathered and did everything in their power to alleviate suffering and fight the fire. A doctor and nurse who were on the wrecked train, but whose names were not learned, have been especially mentioned by C. P. R. officials as doing wonderful first aid work.

George Vandry, a Montreal business man, enroute to Detroit, told a graphic story of events leading up to the collision and what transpired afterward.

Mr. Vandry and party of friends were seated in the diner at the time of the crash. The waiter was in the act of handing Mr. Vandry his dessert when the impact was felt. The waiter spun on his heel, and the pudding went tilting along the floor. Coffee cups overturned and plates went clattering out of place.

The dining car was the first one behind the telescoped cars. The front truck came away with the crash, and the diner listed dangerously to one side, but did not turn over.

There was an immediate rush forward, said Mr. Vandry. The three first cars of the express were split wide open. It was impossible to tell at first who were hurt, or how many. The two trains had come together head-on.

The roof of one had been ripped completely away, like a shingle from a house, and had been deposited fifty yards away in a pasture field. The tender of the express had gone into a twelve-foot ditch. Mail bags were scattered all over the place. Flour from demolished barrels had made the ground about as white as snow.

Children were crying. Mr. Vandry and two friends picked up the body of one dead woman. Steampipes in the demolished colonist coaches, which were occupied by Polish and Finnish immigrants chiefly, had been twisted out of shape. One 8-year-old boy had got his arm caught in an elbow of pipe, and the escaping steam was slowly making the meat of the poor youngster's arm. With great difficulty, Mr. Vandry—as he was very modest about the incident too—pried the lad free of the obstruction.

Mr. Vandry stated that debris was scattered all over the place, and the roadbed. Many other immigrants were pinned down by timber and coach seats, but were freed as quickly as possible speed by a willing rescue line.

At one time a couple of coaches caught fire. It looked for a moment as though the tragedy was going to be augmented. But the rescue-line got pails from the intact coaches and water from the steam pipes in the express engine, and by dint of almost superhuman effort, managed to extinguish the blaze.

As near as Mr. Vandry can recall the smash occurred close to 2 o'clock. The express would be making, he said, around 60 miles an hour. An hour and a quarter elapsed, he believes, before adequate help arrived on the scene. Dr. Hall, a physician, who arrived soon after the smash, gave all relief possible to the casualty list, but it did not possibly meet such a situation.

Several other passengers on the train amplified Mr. Vandry's story. All said there was an abnormal wait between the time of the collision and actual arrival on the scene of the relief train from Smith's Falls.

Other passengers took exception to the manner in which many of the less-serious casualties—so-called—were taken all the distance to Toronto on the regular train, instead of being rushed on to Napanee. Dole, for instance, was in a serious shape when the train reached Toronto. His face was terribly cut, and the man in charge of the car was a bit dubious about his recovery. His parents, it was reported, had died in the wreck. Most of the occupants of this car were women and children. Scalp wounds were in profusion. Several boys and girls had fractured arms. One flaxen-haired woman lay across the Pullman seat, breathing heavily, and appearing in much pain. In each outstretched arm lay a flaxen-haired baby, sound asleep, and apparently none the worse for the tragedy through which they had passed.

A young English boy, who confessed he was still dazed and knew little of what actually had occurred, nursed a sprained ankle and a cut head.

Most of these immigrants were headed, it is understood, for points in western Ontario. In the majority of cases they were coming out to this country to live with relatives. On little girl, on route for Kitchener, was crying bitterly from pain that came from a gashed thigh. A pale-faced Polish lad screamed out in protest as a nurse bathed down the aisle of the car brushes against his splinted elbow.

According to the nurse in charge of that car, the greatest difficulty in tending the casualties had been caused by their inability to speak English. An Irish woman, like a Scotsman, had travelled from the steamer with most of the injured, and had learned sufficient of their ways and speech in that short time to aid the relief train people in making their orders understood.

Western Hospital reported the admission of nine men, three women and four children, suffering chiefly from head injuries. Two are stated to be in a critical condition.

Builders' Supplies.

Let us supply you with cement, plaster wallboard, roofing, paints, oils, glass and builders' hardware.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

INQUEST OPENED AT ENTERPRISE

CORONER G. H. COWAN AND CROWN-ATTORNEY WILSON IN CHARGE.

Coroner G. H. Cowan and Crown-Attorney U. M. Wilson, of Napanee, opened an inquest Monday morning into the death of Engineer William Burnett, of Smith's Falls and two unidentified man and one unidentified woman, who were killed in C.P.R. train wreck on Sunday at Dockrill siding, near Enterprise.

The following jury was sworn in: H. A. Carscallen, foreman; A. A. Jackson, W. T. Covert, P. J. Murphy, B. N. Sparks, Walter Fenwick, O. B. Jackson, H. S. Bell and Bert Coburn. The jury immediately viewed the bodies and then went to the scene of the accident. After investigating the scene of accident the jury convened in Enterprise hall and some formal testimony was heard The inquest was then adjourned until such time as all the witnesses can be present.

After the jury had viewed the bodies, the remains of Engineer Burnett were removed to Smith's Falls.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

The continued wet weather has made very muddy roads, but will benefit the water supply.

Work on the new church A. Macdonald Cairn and fence surrounding has been completed. The public is anxious to know when the official unveiling will take place.

Keith Magee has gone to Milford to spend the winter with his grandmother.

J. I. Johnston had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse on Sunday last.

SILLSVILLE.

This is the second time snow has covered the ground this season. We are now enjoying what we hope is Indian summer.

Quite a sum of money was realized by Fred Hines, who held a sale of household effects, stock and farm machinery. The cows were in good demand. Buyers were keen, and they brought good prices. Quite a crowd was present, well, going as high as 70 cents.

Rev. Mr. Plant and family are spending the holidays in Middleville, Lanark County, a former charge. There will be no services held in the churches on Sunday.

The harvesters who went west, returned home last week. They report excellent crops and were favorably impressed by the country.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hough, Mrs. R. B. Sills and Mrs. Arnold, are visiting relatives in Uxbridge and Port Perry and attended the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto.

Mr. Harold Sills is attending Agricultural School in Kemptville.

Mr. John Magee sold a valuable Holstein cow one day last week.

Mr. Percy Merritt attended the Royal Winter Fair.

Work has been completed on the Cairn erected on the site of the boyhood home of that illustrious statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, on the shores of Bay Bay.

Islands to Order.

As the value of land increases in any district it is a very gratifying matter to see that the ship's with very little trouble and a minimum of expense. This is now being done at Coral Creek, off the west coast of Florida.

First of all a mass of stout roots is twisted together in order to form a kind of huge raft. The seeds of various water plants, noted for their speedy growth, are sown in the soil with which the raft has been previously coated. Ropes are attached to each corner of the raft, and to the free ends of them are tied heavy stones.

The raft is then "floated" on the water of the creek, when the stones, sinking to the bottom of the water, keep it in position. Before long the roots of the plants reach nearly down to the bed of the sea, and the dense entanglement of growth thus formed soon catches up huge quantities of sand and other matter. After a while a small island farm as a rule is established, and in three years' time is ready to be built on.

Automatic S.O.S.

An automatic distress signal broadcaster for ships and airplanes has been invented. It transmits **S.O.S. signals, followed by the ship's** call letters **and the position in** longitude and latitude. The transmission is continued **indefinitely.** One novel feature of **the apparatus is** that, **in the event of an** airplane nose-diving, **the signal is automatically** transmitted.

COMING :-: EVENTS

SWASTIKA CLUB Special Dance, Masonic Hall, Friday, Dec. 30th. Remember the date.

NAPANEE POULTRY FAIR, Wednesday, November 30th, and Thursday, December 1st, 1927.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

ISAIAH TEACHES RIGHT LIVING.

Sunday, Dec. 4.—Isaiah 3 : 1 to 5: 30.

Golden Text— Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. (James 1 : 27).

Almost eight centuries before Christ came to earth the Holy Spirit enabled Isaiah to describe conditions that would prevail on earth nineteen centuries after Christ's coming. These detailed descriptions give us a startling picture of today, at the end of the age in which we are living. Isaiah's prophecy has to do with end-time conditions in Israel, but Israel in the time of the end will reflect the conditions prevailing among men generally. It is with we see as we look around us. It is what God saw, two and a half millenniums ago, and in supernaturally enabled Isaiah to see it. So Isaiah teaches right living in these chapters, by describing and condemning wrong living.

Here are some of the conditions at the end of the age, as described by the prophet: The helplessness of the mighty men of the earth, including military leaders, judges, religious leaders and public speakers. The uprising of children and the younger generation in rebellion against their elders and all rightful authority. Shamelessness, openly parading sin in self- congratulation on the improvement in doing so. Feminism, with women in places of government authority. Extremes and extravagance in women's dress drescribed and judged.

As we look about us today, as we read the newspapers and magazines and books, as we see the condition and actual teachings in colleges and universities, we find all these things, and more find them not only largely unrebuked, but approved and praised as indicating the evolution and advancement of mankind, God's ward climb of civilization. God thinks differently ; and in these chapters in Isaiah, He tells us what He will do when His time comes.

The first three verses of Chapter three, name thirteen resources of Jerusalem and Judah, and all nations, which God in judgment will do away with. There will be a famine of bread and of water and of capable leaders.

Children will be allowed to usurp authority and take leadership (3 : 4, 5, 12). "The child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient," —do we see that today ?

The shamelessness of sin is described in 3 : 9; 5:18-24. Everywhere today "they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not" ; they "call evil good, and good evil ; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness ; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter !"

Feminism rejects God's Word and authority. "Women rule over them" (3:12 ; we read ; and this in defiance of the teaching throughout the Scriptures as to the distinctive sphere and place of ordained leadership of women.

The foolish, shameless, and extravagant dress and manners of women are described in startlingly accurate detail (3:16-24.) One cannot walk far on any street today without seeing not only that "the daughters of Zion," but the women in general "are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go"—even the absurd and physically injurious high heels of today seem to be described by Isaiah. The remarkable description of worldly women, with their dress and jewelry and barbaric bracelets and rings and anklets, should be read aloud in class (3:16-23), and then the unsparing, terrific judgment of God on all this (3: 24).

It is popular among certain classes of modern women to use their maiden name after marriage, rejecting that of the husband. In contrast with this, and in judgment on it, we read that the time is coming when "seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel : only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach" (4:1).

The parable of Jehovah's vineyard (5:1-7 is profundly impressive. It should be read aloud in class. God has done all He can for His vineyard. He has left nothing undone. But "He looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes." It must be laid waste ; and the land of Israel and Judah, which God gave to Abraham, is under judgment today. So is the whole nation of Israel and Judah. Desolation and famine conditions perhaps yet to come, are strikingly described in the statement that "ten acres of vineyard shall yield on bath, and the seed of an homer shall yield an ephah" (5: 10). A "bath" is about eight gallons, to come from ten acres; an ephah is one bushel, three pints, to come from an homer, which is about 80 gallons.

Man is mightily exalted in these last days, and he is going to be judged for this. God is scoffed at and demeaned in the eyes of man and God is going to be exalted. "The mighty man shall be humbled, and the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment" (5:15.)

Yet it is not a hopeless picture. At the second coming of Christ, which may be very soon, Israel is going to be cleansed and restored, and the name of the Lord shall be honored throughout the world. Christ is called "the branch of the Lord" and "in that day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth shall be excellent and comely for them that are escaped of Israel" (Isa. 4: 2-6).

PUTTING ASIDE SOIL FOR HOT BEDS

(Experimental Farms Note)

As spring approaches thought is turned toward the hot bed for starting vegetables and flowering plans, but it very often happens that soil for the hot bed has not been set aside and is not available and as a result nothing is done. It is wise, therefore, in the fall of the year before spring now, and to make up a cone-shaped pile of suitable soil in a convenient place, so that it will be reasonably dry and ready for spring work. Or it may be put under cover in an outbuilding in barrels. Any good friable loam is suitable for starting plants in. It is wise to use a soil that does not bake, or one containing considerable sand and decayed vegetable matter or humus. The surface soil from a garden that has previously been well manured serves the purpose admirably. Or, if the soil is poor well rotted manure should be added and mixed well with the soil, using about fifteen to twenty per cent of manure. Soda gathered during the summer and stored alternately with manure will, when cut down and well worked together, make the best hot bed soil. If cold frame hotbeds boxes to grow the plants in are available it is not necessary to put aside much soil, as only enough for the barrels will suffice to meet the requirements for an ordinary garden. If, on the other hand, the soil is to be put into the hot bed direct, twice as much will be necessary.

Plats may also be started early in a cold-frame. The frame is set in place now and six inches of good, rich, friable soil is placed in it. Some well rotted straw, straw manure, or litter not containing weed seeds is put to keep out the frost. In the early spring this litter is removed and the sashes put on, and it will be found that in a short time the ground will nicely warm up, so that the seeds of the hardier vegetables and flowers may be planted.

BRIDES ARE "SNATCHED"

The Kirghiz Bridegroom Has Exciting Time Before He Captures "Dummy."

The autumn of the year is the marrying season among the little-known Kirghiz people of the Steppes in the heart of Central Asia.

As a guest of a headman of those wild tribes of Turkestan, which is all Shah, an Afghan who journeyed through the Turkestan Hinterland, in the London Daily Mail, I had the opportunity of witnessing the ceremony of Sum-Chuk, which marks the closing stages of two weeks' wedding celebrations. A moonlight night was chosen for the event.

In a flat field almost all the Kirghiz villagers had assembled. A small tent containing the bride was to be seen in the centre of the field, and around the tent in a circle were the Elders.

My first impression was that the ceremony looked more like a polo match than a wedding. The number of spectators, too, was surprising. You may ride from one end of the Steppe to the other, and though countless families may be dwelling in the region it is unlikely that you will see more than two or three wild Kirghiz on the wretched horses jogging along the footpaths of the great spaces. And yet here 4,000 or 5,000 people were gathered.

All being ready, a lady came out of the tent and blew out the lamps in front of it. At this signal the elder in charge of the ceremonies mounted his platform and announced in a shrill voice that the final rhime was about to proceed, and called upon the bridegroom to saddle his horse, pick up his team of seven horsemen, and come in the arena to snatch the bride from the leaders of the bride's party, who were to defend the girl with an equal number of riders.

The bell rang, the bard yelled—he was supposed to be singing—and fourteen horsemen galloped towards the tent.

In olden times the bride really was snatched. Nowadays a dummy does duty for her. The girl came out of the tent, kissed the hands of both her brother and her future lord, and, placing the dummy between the horsemen, with a dignified air walked up to the elder and took her seat beside him. As she sat down there came another flourish of the tom-tom and deafening cries, and the game had begun.

One of the bride's men lifted the dummy from the ground and all galloped towards their posts.

Instantly the bridegroom, spurring his horse, galloped after the bearer of the dummy, and when the two horses were side by side he left his mount and with extraordinary adroitness jumped on the horse of his opponent. It was one of the most difficult and dangerous feats of horsemanship I have ever seen.

Then he placed his hands over the eyes of his opponent and tried to pull him off his seat while the dummy was being snatched by another rider. In the struggle the "bride" fell to the ground and was borne away by another member of the party, who in turn was assailed in the same way. By the time half of them had handled the dummy it looked more like a rag-bag than anything else. The chief object of the attackers was to take the dummy through a ring of ro[illegible] but as none managed to do it, as there was presently nothing left the dummy to handle, the game came to a close.

The bridegroom then advanced towards the dais, and, more dead than alive, carried his wife on his shoulders in triumph to his people. The wife had been duly "snatched."

Auto-Animus.

The new auto-alarm apparatus, which is the latest application of wireless to the safety of life at sea, is being fitted in over two hundred British ships. By means of this installation ships can be "rung up" when the wireless operator is off duty by any other ship in the vicinity needing assistance. This is effected by means of a special apparatus, which on receiving the "alarm signal" sets bells ringing in various parts of the ship.

Here and There

The "Never-Rot" potato, a variety planted in Yarmouth and Digby counties, Nova Scotia, this year, is reported as showing up to its name, coming through flood damage practically unharmed.

United States farmers receive about 15 cents a bushel less for their wheat than Canadian farmers, because of higher railway rates, according to Senator Wesley Jones, speaking at Washington recently.

The Liard River district in the extreme north of British Columbia can produce excellent crops of grain and vegetables, it is claimed by the Department of Agriculture of British Columbia, following experiments carried out in conjunction with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Specimens of grain have been received here.

Ocean tonnage to carry 86,000,000 bushels of Western Canadian wheat via the Pacific to the United Kingdom and Europe is the estimate for November, December and January. During December alone tonnage for 30,000,000 bushels has been fixed and shipping men believe that a hundred vessels will be required for this.

"Indian Golf" will be a novel form of the Royal and Ancient game to be introduced this winter at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec City, for the enjoyment of the winter sports tourists. The game will be played on skis and snowshoes, and over a course laid out in the snow. Targets will replace holes and bows and arrows will take the place of golf clubs and balls.

The Poultry Department of the University of British Columbia announces the sale of a white Leghorn hen for $500. She is not the famous Hen No. 6, but a 218 ounce who was exhibited at Ottawa last summer. Last year she laid 335 eggs in 365 days; and as she weighs just four pounds her purchase price was $125 per lb. F. A. Sansome, of Greenwich, Conn., was the purchaser.

The Government's final crop estimate is now: Wheat, 444,000,000 bushels, as compared with an estimate of 458,000,000 in September and last year's actual yield of 409,000,000; oats 452,000,000 bushels as against September's estimate of 502,000,000 and last year's actual yield of 383,000,000. Barley is put at 98,000,000 bushels as against 99,000,000 last year and rye at 16,000,000 bushels against 12,000,000 last year.

The fourth of the five new freighters being built for the Canadian Pacific Steamships was launched recently at the yards of Barclay, Curle & Co., Glasgow. The S.S. Beaverhill is her name. Her maiden voyage from Glasgow to Saint John on March 10, 1928. With her four sister ships the Beaverhill will be on a weekly service between Canadian ports and London, Hamburg, Havre and Antwerp. She will be a "all-weather" vessel with a speed of 14 knots and is built to the highest class of Lloyd's specifications.

His Excellency Lord Willingdon, while attending the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto recently, noted in the entry list a stallion under the name "Lord Willingdon." His Excellency expressed a desire to inspect the animal which was paraded by its owner, W. J. McCallum, of Brampton and Regina. The two-year-old Clydale was purchased by the owner in Scotland last summer and brought out on the Canadian Pacific "Bolingbroke" in October. The animal purchased for $10,000 and was included in a shipment of over 100 pure-bred animals.

Fortunes Spent on Clothes.

The modern woman, though she wears less, is spending more money than ever on dress.

The vastness of the clothing industry to-day shows how women have revolutionized it. One seventh of the working population of Great Britain are now employed in the clothing trade. There are more than 280,000 tailors in the country, dressmakers and milliners number nearly 200,000, the silk and artificial silk trade employs about 40,000, and there are 24,000 lace workers.

The total boot and shoe bill for Britain's women is about £25,000,000. Expenditures on dress materials runs into fabulous figures. Something like £14,000,000 is spent in a year on hats, and millions more on miscellaneous items.

The silk trade is five times larger than before the war. Nearly every woman and girl now wears silk stockings, and requires many more pairs than when she wore cotton or wool.

Paying Rent With Roses.

Hatton Garden, England, the centre of the world's diamond trade, takes its name from Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth.

He secured from Bishop Cox a lease of the ancient episcopal palace, on payment at Midsummer Day of a red rose, two pounds of hay, and £10 per annum, the bishop reserving to himself the right of walking in the garden and gathering twenty bushels of rose yearly.

Hatton improved the estate, rechristened the palace by the name of Hatton House, and then petitioned the Queen in order that the bishop to make over to him the whole property, a request she granted.

Safety First Railway.

The trains on the Paris underground railways are being fitted with an ingenious invention by which it will be impossible for them to leave the station unless all the doors are closed and locked. No signal to start will be given by the guard; he will simply press a button. Unless everything is in order the electric motors will not respond to the starting handle.

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WORLD'S BIGGEST FISH

MYSTERY MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

Ships' Captains and Naval Officers Have Seen Stupendous Creatures: Even More Fantastic Than Legendary Marine Monsters of Old.

We usually think of the sea-serpent as a myth come down to us through ages of marine tradition, says a writer in Tit-Bits. All the same, within the last half-century we have had the testimony of ships' captains and naval officers who have actually seen stupendous creatures even more fantastic and terrible than the legendary marine monsters of old.

The old stories had some foundation. Viewed from behind, the eight-foot tropical manatees look like mermaids. Moreover, the female nurses her sea-baby human fashion, holding it in one arm.

Sea ghouls are as terrible as the fabled sea-serpent. Sea snakes are as poisonous as land snakes, and some snap like wolves.

There are sperm whales over seventy feet long and forty feet in girth. The mighty cuttlefish has arms long enough to encircle a whale's body. The white dog-fish is a shark that will gulp down sacks of cinders as they are shot down the chutes.

The gramus, or sea-arrow, once a sacred sea beast, is famous for following a ship in search of a human meal. The corpse-whale, or sea-unicorn, will drive its tusk through a vessel's side.

Tiger sharks, sometimes over twenty feet long, are tireless and ferocious. Another sea ruffian is the hammerhead shark. But even more terrible is the great two-ton sea-bat.

The sea-bat, or giant ray, is as fierce as a tiger and as venomous as a rattlesnake. He carries in his tail a foot-long, hollow ivory dagger, hard and sharp as steel.

The fish uses his tail as a whip, and with it scourges his prey. When the point of the dagger touches the victim's skin, a fatal poison is squirted and death ensues within six minutes.

In 1922 some Italian fishermen drew into their nets a weird mammoth fish. Its two-foot mouth had neither tongue nor teeth, while it carried on the top of its head an elephant-like trunk. Several years ago a creature bigger than five adult elephants, and weighing over fifteen tons, was killed off Florida.

When its three-inch skin was cut open it was found that this giant had enjoyed a lunch of four hundredweight of coral, a black fish weighing 1,500 pounds, and a large octopus.

In 1922 there swam into Cristobal harbor, Panama, a whale so colossal that it had to be overcome by machine-gun fire. When killed and towed to the docks, all efforts to raise it proved unavailing, though powerful seventy-ton cranes were used, and a railway engine hauled at steel cables.

The most extraordinary testimony of the existence to-day of the sea-serpent comes from Australia.

Farmers living amid the swamps have been perplexed at the frequent disappearance of their cattle. They thought thieves took the animals and bore them away by boat, but there were no tracks of men or horses—only a curious wide furrow leading to the beach.

One night a boy was awakened by the dogs, and, calling some farm hands, rushed out with his gun. He was amazed to see "a great dark object resembling a huge snake, travelling across fences and paddocks at a terrific rate. Its head was held high in the air, and in its mouth was a struggling calf."

The wide trail was followed to the beach, and the monster was seen to plunge into the sea.

Blue Eyes and Brown.

The color and color of the minute particles of pigment on the surface of the iris of our eyes, which determines whether they shall be blue or brown, is being studied because it seems to be a matter closely related to heredity.

It has been proved that if both parents have genuinely blue eyes, no dying out, and the brown-eyed people. But the brown pigment seems to be master over the blue, and that is probably the reason why, as those of us servers tell us, blue eyes are nearly becoming fewer in Britain. The blue-eyed strain in our population is dying out and the brown-eyed ones are surviving. This is probably accounted for by the fact that if one parent has brown eyes and the other blue, their children are much more likely to have brown eyes than blue.

Some observers think that the great change-over from country life to city life which revolutionized Britain a century ago largely accounts for the gradual disappearance of blue eyes. Certainly fishermen and farmers and sailors, people who spend most of their times in the open, are usually blue-eyed.

Snails Run Races.

Will snail-racing become a popular sport? The question is being asked in Wales, where crowds are flocking to see the new pastime.

With their owners' colors painted on their shells, the snails race on a course about a yard square, and are attracted to the winning post by a pile of wet dry leaves.

Racing is by no means a simple matter, as the snails often develop an unfortunate habit of sleeping on the course, and even after a good start they frequently go the wrong way. They are jockeyed with grass sticks by their owners, who tap the left or right horn as required.

Yield of an Acre of Tobacco.

An acre of tobacco plants yields about 700 tons of tobacco.

Eggs Older Than History.

After cutting his hand on the top of a high cliff, an explorer found a line of egg-shells springing like crocuses out of the ground. These proved to be parts of shells laid by a dinosaur—a prehistoric creature that lived probably ten million years ago.

Many of these eggs, supposed to be the oldest in the world, have been recovered from the sands of Mongolia. Bits of them were formerly made by primitive people into ornaments for women's necks.

JAPANESE AMUSEMENTS.

Etiquette Is as Ancient as the Ritual of the Esoteric Tea Ceremony.

Firefly hunting, cricket concerts and mushroom gatherings are among the diversions enjoyed by the people of Japan, in a way nothing of the romantic pleasure of moon-viewing.

Excursions are carried out with all due regard to form and ceremony, but their etiquette is as ancient, if not as elaborate, as the ritual of the esoteric tea ceremony and the art of the schools of flower arrangement.

Late in August and early in September picnics are held at dawn to watch the first buds of the sacred lotus burst into flower. Shinobazu Pond, at Ueno Park, in Tokio, is a favorite lotus rendezvous. Gorgeous old temples and tombs crown the heights; rows of tall cherry trees line its broad, shady avenues, while in a hollow is the glistening expanse of the Shinobazu Pond, its surface covered with the shining green lily-pads.

At dawn crowds gather to watch the gradual transformation of the delicate pale-green buds into flowers of creamy white, yellow, lavender and pale pink, till the whole surface of the pool is covered with a silky carpet of the flower sacred to Buddha—the Lotus of the Law—its white blossoms rearing their pure, delicate petals above the dark miasma of the swamp.

Mushroom hunting was a favorite sport with the ex-Empress Dowager, in early fall the dignified lady, with her court attendants, would rise at dawn to go mushroom picking in the country meadows outside of Tokio. The party would don special costumes of scarlet silk crepe under-kimonos (the outer kimono being tucked up above the knees), bobbed silk leggings, straw sandals and broad-brimmed straw coolie hats. The mushrooms would be broiled over campfires and consumed on the spot or be carried home in reed baskets.

Firefly hunting parties are favorite diversions on autumn nights on river banks and in public flower gardens. Favorite places near Tokio for the firefly parties at Hyakka-en (Hundred Flower Garden), at Mukojima, on the banks of the Sumida river, and the iris gardens at Kamata. Instead of glowing patches of purple irises, the ground is then covered with autumn flowers and grasses, flowering bushes and flowering bush-clover, the flower of September.

The Mushi Hanachi Kwai (Insect Setting-Free Society) holds an outing in the picturesque Kamata gardens. Tea houses, miniature hills, lakes, lacquer bridges and trellised arbors are then illuminated with festoons of lanterns.

The fireflies are handed to the guests in paper bags. They are set free in irridiscent swarms—darting about, making myriad points of fire in the darkness of trees and bushes.

Blowfly In Australia.

The latest instance of an insect costing millions to the unfortunate country importing it is that of the bluebottle fly in Australia. There it has spread and increased so formidably, infesting stock, that three years ago it killed during the twelve months more than $15,000,000 worth of sheep.

"Theoretically," says Mr. N. Tourmens, writing in Chambers' Journal, "every insect has its natural enemies. So science sets out to destroy the destroyer by means of the destroyer (or destroyers) of destroyers. For example, having bluebottle or blowfly now so preying on the sheep stock of Australia has certain parasitic enemies. Steps have been taken to introduce its enemies into Australia, and they will be given bluebottle grubs. In these they will lay their eggs, and then the parasite-infested grubs, after having been sent out to the sheep runs, will hatch out there, and the parasites will in turn destroy the destroyers of the sheep."

What Cranks Cost.

Vegetarians won't be popular among mothers—and fathers—of families just now, says Answers. Gone are the days when they could be dismissed with a pitying shrug as merely harmless cranks. For the price of boots and shoes is going up—and the vegetarians are to blame!

How does this happen? Well, the consumption of meat in some countries is declining—partly because vegetarians won't touch it, and partly because even those who do eat meat are cutting down their rations of it. So fewer cattle are being raised, there is a shortage of hides, and the price of leather has gone up.

There are, of course, one or two other reasons for the rise in prices. For instance, leather is much in demand for upholstering motor-cars. But the motorists is blamed for so much already that perhaps it would be better to make the vegetarian the scapegoat this time.

Annual Requirements of Railways.

The annual requirements of the railways of Great Britain include 16,000,000 tons of coal, 210,000 tons of steel rails, 17,000,000 cubic feet of timber, 4,000,000 sleepers, 21,000,000 bricks, 9,000 tons of paint and varnish, 62,000 tons of oil, and 4,000,000 yards of cloth for staff uniforms.

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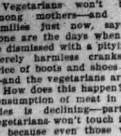

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The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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"Calendar," he began, "if a single shot is fired about this vessel the river police will be buzzing round your ears in a brace of shakes."

The fat adventurer nodded assent, his eyes contracting.

"Very well," continued Kirkwood brusquely. "You must know that I have personally nothing to fear from the police. If arrested I wouldn't be detained a day. On the other hand, you— Hand me that pistol, Calendar, but, first, please. Look sharp, my man! If you don't!"—

He left the ellipsis to be filled in by the corpulent blackguard's intelligence. The latter, gray eyes still intent on the younger man's face, wherewith, plainly impressed, but still wondering.

"Quick! I'm not patient tonight."

No longer was Calendar of two minds. In the face of Kirkwood's attitude there was but one course to be followed—that of obedience. Calendar surrendered an untenable position as gracefully as could be wished.

"I guess you know what you mean by this," he said, tendering the weapon as per instructions. "I'm doggoned if I do. You'll allow a certain latitude in consideration of my relief. I can't say we were anticipating this—ah—heaven sent visitation?"

Accepting the revolver with his left hand and settling his fore finger on the trigger, Kirkwood beamed with pure enjoyment. He found the deference of the older man, tempered though it was by his indomitable swagger, refreshing in the extreme.

"A little appreciation isn't exactly out of place, come to think of it," he commented, adding, with an eye for the captain, "Stryker, you bold, bad butterfly, have you got a gun concealed about your unclean person?"

The captain shook visibly with contrition. "No, Mr. Kirkwood," he managed to reply in a voice singularly lacking in his wonted bluster.

"Say 'sir'" suggested Kirkwood.

"No, Mr. Kirkwood, sir," amended Stryker eagerly.

"Now, come round here and let's have a look at you. Please stay where you are, Calendar. Why, captain, you are shivering from head to foot! Not ill are you, you wag? Step over to the table there, Stryker, and turn out your pockets; turn 'em inside out and let's see what you carry in the way of offensive artillery. And, Stryker, don't you think you don't do anything you'd be sorry for afterward."

"No fear of that," mumbled the captain, meekly shambling toward the table and, in his anxiety to give no cause for unpleasantness, beginning to empty his pockets on the way.

"Don't forget the 'sir,' Stryker. And, Stryker, if you happen to think of anything in the line of coin or trinkets or quips or jests, don't strain yourself holding in. Get it right off your chest and you'll feel better."

Kirkwood chuckled, in high conceit with himself, watching Calendar out of the corner of his eye, but with his attention centered on the infinitely diverting spectacle afforded by Stryker, whose preposterous hands were trembling violently as one by one they brought to light the articles of which he had despoiled his erstwhile victim.

"Come, come, Stryker! Surely you can think of something witty. Surely you haven't exhausted the possibilities of that almanac joke! Couldn't you ring another variation on the lunatic wheeze? Don't hesitate out of consideration for me, captain. I'm joke proof. Perhaps you've noticed."

Stryker turned upon him an expression at once ludicrous, piteous and hateful. "That's all, sir," he snarled, displaying his empty palms in token of his absolute tractability.

"Good enough. Now right about face —quick! Your back's prettier than your face, and, besides, I want to know whether your hip pockets are empty. I've heard it's the habit of you gentry to pack guns in your clothes. None? That's all right, then. Now roost on the transom over there in the corner, Stryker, and don't move. Don't let me hear a word from you. Understand?"

Submissively the captain retired to the indicated spot. Kirkwood turned to Calendar, of whose gratitude, however, he had not been for an instant unmindful.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Calendar?" he suggested pleasantly. "Forgive me for keeping you waiting."

For his own part, as the adventurer dropped passively into his chair Kirkwood stepped over Mulready and advanced to the middle of the cabin, at the same time thinking: "I'll give the revolver into his own coat pocket. The other, Mulready's, he nursed significantly with both hands, while he stood temporarily quiet, surveying the fleshy face of the prime factor in the intrigue.

A quaint, grim smile played about the American's lips, a smile a little contemptuous, more than a little inscrutable. In its light Calendar grew restive and lost something of his assurance. His feet shifted uneasily beneath the table, and his dark eyes wandered, evading Kirkwood's. At length he seemed to find the suspense unendurable.

"Well," he demanded testily, "what d'you want of me?"

"I was just wondering at you, Calendar. In the last few days you've given me enough cause to wonder, as you'll admit."

The adventurer plucked up spirit, deluded by Kirkwood's pacific tone. "I wonder at you, Mr. Kirkwood," he retorted, "it was good of you to save my life, and"—

"I'm not so sure of that! Perhaps it had been more humane"—

Calendar owned the touch with a wry grimace. "But I'm fanged if I understand this high handed attitude of yours!" he concluded heatedly.

"Don't you?" Kirkwood's humor became less apparent, the smile sobering. "You will," he told the man, adding abruptly, "Calendar, where's your daughter?"

The fearless eyes sought the companion way.

"Dorothy," the man lied spontaneously, without a tremor, "is with friends in England. Why? Did you want to see her?"

"I rather expected to."

"Well, I thought it best to leave her home, after all."

"I'm glad to hear she's in safe hands," commented Kirkwood.

The adventurer's glance analyzed his face. "Ah," he said slowly, "I see. You followed me on Dorothy's account, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Partly—partly on my own. Let me put it to you fairly. When you forced yourself upon me, back there in London, you offered me some sort of employment. When I rejected it you used me to your advantage for the furtherance of your purposes, which I confess I don't understand, and made me miss my steamer. Naturally when I found myself penniless and friendless in a strange country I thought again of your offer and tried to find you to accept it."

"Despite the fact that you're an honest man, Kirkwood?" The fat jaw twitched with premature enjoyment.

"I'm a desperate man tonight, whatever I may have been yesterday." The young man's tone was both earnest and convincing. "I think I've shown that by my profiiacity in hunting you down."

"Well—yes," Calendar's thick fingers caressed his lips, trying to hide the dawning smile.

"Is that offer still open?"

His nonchalance completely restored by the frankness of the proposition, Calendar laughed openly and with a trace of irony. The episode seemed to be turning out better than he had anticipated. Gently his mottled fat fingers played about his mouth and chin as he looked Kirkwood up and down.

"I'm sorry," he replied, "that it isn't—now. You're too late, Kirkwood. I've made other arrangements."

"Too bad!" Kirkwood's eyes narrowed. "You force me to harsher measures, Calendar."

Genuinely diverted, the adventurer laughed a second time, tipping back in his chair, his huge frame shaking with ponderous enjoyment. "Don't do anything you'd be sorry for," he parroted, sarcastical, the young man's recent admonition to the captain.

"No fear, Kirkwood. I'm just going to use my advantage, which you wouldn't dispute"—the pistol described an eloquent circle, gleaming in the amplight—"to levy on a little leverage, blackmail, don't you know? I shan't hit you any harder than I have to."

"What?" stammered Calendar, astonished. "What are you driving at?"

"Recompense for my time and trouble. You've cost me a pretty penny, first and last, with your nasty little conspiracy, whatever it's all about. Now, needing the money, I purpose getting some of it back. I shan't precisely rob you, but this is a holdup, all right, Stryker," reproachfully, "I don't see my pearl pin."

"I got it here," responded the sailor hastily, fumbling with his tie.

"Give it me, then." Kirkwood held out his hand and received the trinket. Then, moving over to the table, the young man, while abating nothing of his watchfulness, sorted out his belongings from the mass of odds and ends Stryker had disgorged. The tale of them was complete. The captain had obeyed him faithfully. Kirkwood looked up, pleased.

"Now, see here, Calendar, this collection of truck that I was robbed of by this resurrected Joe Miller here cost me upward of $150. I'm going to sell it to you at a bargain—say $50, 250 francs."

"The deuce you are!" Calendar's eyes opened wide, partly in admiration. "D'you realize that this is next door to highway robbery, my young friend?"

"High seas piracy, if you prefer," assented Kirkwood with entire equanimity. "I'm going to have the money, and you're going to give it up. The transaction by any name would smell no sweeter, Calendar. Come—fork over!"

"And if I refuse?"

"I wouldn't refuse if I were you."

"Why not?"

"The consequences would be too painful."

"You mean you'd puncture me with that gun?"

"Not unless you attack or attempt to follow me. I mean to say that the Belgian police are notoriously a most efficient body and that I'll make it my duty and pleasure to introduce 'em to you if you refuse. But you won't." Kirkwood added soothingly, "will you, Calendar?"

"No." The adventurer had become suddenly thoughtful. "No, I won't. Glad to oblige you."

He tilted his chair still farther back, straightening out his elephantine legs, inserted one fat hand into his trousers pocket and with some difficulty extracted a combined bill fold and coin purse, at once heavy with gold and bulky with notes. Moistening thumb and forefinger, "How'll you have it?" he inquired, with a lift of his cunning eyes, and, when Kirkwood had advised him, slowly counted out four fifty-franc notes, placed them near the edge of the table and weighted them with five ten-franc pieces. And "That all?" he asked, replacing the pocketbook.

"That will be about all. I leave you presently to your unholy devices, you and that gay dog over there." The captain squirmed, reddening. "Just by way of precaution, however, I'll ask you to wait in here till I'm off." Kirkwood stepped backward to the door of the captain's room, opened it and removed the key from the inside. "Please take Mulready in with you," he continued. "By the time you get out I'll be clear of Antwerp. Please don't think of refusing me. I really mean it."

The latter clause came sharply as Calendar seemed to hesitate, his weary, wary eyes glimmering with doubt. Kirkwood, watching him as a cat her prey, intercepted a lightning swift sidelong glance that shifted from his face to the port lockers, forward. But the fat adventurer was evidently to a considerable degree deluded by the very childlike simplicity of Kirkwood's attitude. If the possibility that his altercation with Mulready had been overheard crossed his mind, Calendar had little choice other than to accept the chance. Either way he moved the risk was great. If he refused to be locked in the captain's room, there was the danger of the police, to which Kirkwood had convincingly drawn attention. If he accepted the temporary imprisonment, he took a risk with the gladstone bag. On the other hand, he had estimated Kirkwood's honesty as thoroughgoing from their first interview. He had appraised him as a gentleman and a man of honor. And he did not believe the young man knew, after all. Perplexed, at length he chose the smoother way and, with an indulgent lifting of eyebrows, the fat shoulders rose and waddled over to Mulready.

"Oh, all right," he conceded, with deep toleration in his tone for the idiosyncrasies of youth; "if all this game to me, beau." He laughed a nervous laugh. "Come along and lend us a hand, Stryker."

The latter glanced timidly at Kirkwood, his eyes pleading for leave to move, which Kirkwood accorded with an imperative nod and a fine flourish of the revolver. Promptly the captain sprang to Calendar's assistance, and, between the two of them, the one taking Mulready's head, the other his feet, they lugged him quickly into the stuffy little stateroom. Kirkwood, watching and following to the threshold, inserted the key.

"One word more," he counseled, a hand on the knob. "Don't forget I've warned you what'll happen if you try to break even with me."

"Never fear, little one!" Calendar's laugh was nervously cheerful. "The Lord knows you're welcome."

"Thank you most to death," responded Kirkwood politely. "Goodby and goodby to you, Stryker. Glad to have humored your desire to meet me soon again."

CHAPTER XXII.

KIRKWOOD, turning the key in the lock, withdrew it and dropped it on the cabin table. At the same time he swept into his pocket the money he had extorted of Calendar. Then he paused an instant, listening. From the captain's room came a sound of murmurs and scuffling. He crossed to the port locker forward.

He had its lid up in a twinkling and in another had lifted out the well remembered black gladstone bag.

This seems to have been his first compound larceny.

As if stimulated by some such reflection, he sprang for the companionway, dropping the lid of the locker with a bang which must have been excruciatingly edifying to the men in the captain's room. Whatever their emotions, the bang was mocked by a mighty kick, shaking the door, which Kirkwood reflected opened outward, was bad only by the frailest kind of a lock and would not hold long.

Spurred onward by a storm of curses, Stryker's voice chanting infuriated cacophony with Calendar's, Kirkwood leaped up the companionway even as the second tremendous kick threatened to shatter the panels. Heart in mouth, a chill shiver of guilt running up and down his spine, he gained the deck, cast loose the painter, drew in his rope boat and dropped over the side, then, the gladstone bag nestling between his feet, sat down and bent to the oars.

And double handed him, pressing close upon the ebb of his excitement—doubts and fears innumerable.

There was no longer a distinction to be drawn between himself and Calendar. He could be esteem himself a better and more honest man than that accomplished swindler. He was not advised as to the Belgian code, but English law, he understood, made no allowance for the good intent of those caught in possession of stolen property. Though he was acting with the most honorable motives in the world, the law, if he came within its cognizance, would undoubtedly place him on Calendar's plane and judge him by the same standard. To all intents and purposes he was a thief, and thief he was, bounden until the gladstone bag with its contents should be restored to its rightful owner.

Voluntarily, then, he had stepped from the ranks of the hunters to those of the hunted. He now feared police interference as abjectly as did Calendar and his set of rogues, and Kirkwood felt wholly warranted in assuming that if the adventurer, with his keen intelligence, would not handicap himself by ignoring this point. Indeed, if he were to be judged by what Kirkwood had inferred of his character, Calendar would let nothing whatever hinder him, neither fear of bodily hurt nor danger of apprehension at the hands of the police, from making a determined and savage play to regain possession of his booty.

Well! (Kirkwood set his mouth savagely.) Calendar should have a run for his money!

For the present he could compliment himself with the knowledge that he had outwitted the rogues, had lifted the jewels and probably two-thirds of their armament. He had also the start, the knowledge of their criminal guilt and intent and his own plans to comfort him. As for the latter, he did not believe that Calendar would immediately fathom them, so he took heart of grace and tugged at the oars with a will, pulling directly for the city and permitting the current to drift him downstream at its pleasure. There could be no more inexplicable folly than to retire to the Quay Steen landing and possibly the arms of the despoiled boat owner.

At first he could hear crash after splintering crash sounding dully muffled from the cabin of the Alethea, a veritable devil's tattoo beaten out by the feet of the prisoners. Evidently the fastness was serving him better than he had dared hope. But as the black rushing waters widened between boat and brigantine the clamor aboard the latter subsided, indicating that Calendar and Stryker had broken out or been released by the crew. In ignorance as to whether he were seen or being pursued, Kirkwood pulled on, winning in under the shadow of the quays and permitting the boat to drift down on a convenient landing at the end of the dockyard quarter of Antwerp.

Here alighting, he made the boat fast and, soothing his conscience with a surmise that its owner would find it by the next morning, strode swiftly over to the tram line that runs along the embankment, swung aboard an adventitious car and broke his first ten franc piece in order to pay his fare.

The car made a leisurely progress up past the old Steen castle and the quay landing, Kirkwood sitting quietly, the gladstone bag under his hand, a searching gaze sweeping the water front. No sign of the adventurers rewarded him, but it was now all chance, all hazard. He had no more heart for confidence.

They passed the Hotel du Commerce. Kirkwood stared up at its windows, wondering.

A little farther on a disengaged fiacre, its driver alert for possible fares, turned a corner into the esplanade. At sight of it Kirkwood, in spired, hopped nimbly off the tram car and signaled the cabby. The latter pulled up, and Kirkwood started to charge him instructions, something which he did haltingly, hampered by a slight haziness of purpose. While thus engaged and at rest in the stark glare of the street lamps, with no chance of concealing himself, he was aware of a rising tumult in the direction of the landing and, glancing round, discovered a number of people running toward him. With no time to wonder whether or no he was really the object of the line and cry, he tossed the driver three silver francs.

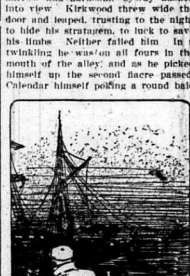
"Garo Centrale," he cried, "and drive like the devil!"

Diving into the fiacre, he shut the door and stuck his head out of the window, taking observations. A ragged fringe of silly rabble was bearing down upon them, with one or two gendarmes in the forefront and a giant, who might or might not be Stryker, a close second. Furtherance, another cab seemed to have been requisitioned for the chase. His heart misgave him momentarily, but his driver had taken him at his word and generosity, and in a breath the fiacre had turned the corner on two wheels, and the glittering reaches of the embankment, drive and promenade were blotted out, as it smudged with lamplight, by the obscurity of a narrow and tortuous side street.

He drew in his head the better to preserve his brains against further emergencies.

After a block or two Kirkwood picked up the gladstone bag, gently opened the door and put a foot on the step, pausing to look back. The other cab was pelting after him with all the enthusiasm of a hound on a fresh trail. He reflected that this mad progress through the thoroughfares of a civilized city would not long endure without police intervention. So he waited, watching his opportunity. The fiacre hurtled onward, the driver leaning forward from his box to urge the horse with lash of whip and tongue, entirely unconscious of his fare's intentions.

Between two streets the mouth of a narrow and darksome by-way flashed into view. Kirkwood threw wide the door and leaped, trusting to the night to hide his stratagem, to luck to save his limbs. Neither failed him in a twinkling he was on all fours in the mouth of the alley, and as he picked himself up the second fiacre passed. Calendar himself poking a round bald



The black rushing waters widened between boat and brigantine.

poll out of the window to incite his driver's cupidity with promises of redoubled fare.

Kirkwood mopped his dripping forehead and whistled low with dismay. It seemed that from that instant on it was to be a vendetta with a vengeance. Calendar, as he had foreseen, was stopping at nothing.

At a dogtrot he sped down the alley to the next street, on which he turned back-course sedately—toward the river, debouching on the esplanade just one block from the Hotel du Commerce. As he swung past the serried tables of a cafe whatever fears he had had were banished by the discovery that the excitement occasioned by the chase had already subsided. Beneath the garish awnings the crowd was laughing and chattering, eating and sipping its beer with complete unconcern, heedless altogether of the haggard and shabby young man carrying a black hand bag. Without attracting any attention whatever, indeed, he mingled with the strolling crowds, making his way toward the Hotel du Commerce. Yet he was not at all at ease. His uneasy conscience invested the gladstone bag with a magnetic attraction for the public eye. To carry it unconcealed in his hand furnished him with a sensation as disturbing as though its worn black sides had been stencilled "Stolen?" in letters of flame. He felt it rendered him a nuisance of public interest, an object of suspicion to the wide, cold world; that the gaze which lit upon the bag traveled to his face only to espy thereon the brand of guilt.

For ease of mind presently he turned into a convenient shop and spent ten invaluable francs for a hand satchel big enough to hold the gladstone bag.

With more courage, now that he had the hateful thing under cover, he found and entered the Hotel du Commerce.

In the little closet which served for an office, over a desk visibly groaning with the weight of an enormous and grimy registry book, a sleepy, fat, bland and good natured woman presided, a benign and drowsy divinity of even tempered courtesy. To his unpleading inquiry for M. Calendar she returned a cheerful permission to seek that gentleman for himself.

"Those flights, m'sieu', in the front. Suit if it is, M'sieu' does not mind walking up?" she inquired.

M'sieu' did not in the least, though by no strain of the imagination could it be truthfully said that he walked up these steep and tortuous stairways of the Hotel du Commerce d'Anvers. More literally, he flew with winged feet, spurning each third padded step with a force that raised a tiny cloud of fine white dust from the carpeting.

Breathless, at last he paused at the top of the third flight. His heart was hammering, his pulses drumming like wild things; there was a queer constriction in his throat, a fire of hope in his heart alternating with the ice of doubt. Suppose she were not there. What if he were mistaken? What if he had misunderstood? What if Mulready and Calendar had referred to another lodging house? He passed down the corridor to the door whose panels wore the painted legend 17 and there knocked.

Believing that he overheard from within a sudden startled exclamation, he smiled patiently, tolerant of her surprise.

Burning with impatience as with a fever, he endured a long minute's wait.

Misgivings were prompting him to knock again and summon her by name when he heard footfalls on the other side of the door, followed by a click of the lock. The door was opened grudgingly a bare six inches.

Of the alarmed expression in the eyes that stared into his he took no account. His face lengthened a little as he stood there, dumb, panting, staring, and his heart sank, down, deep down into a gulf of disappointment, to weigh sorely with chagrin.

Then, of the two the first to recover countenance, he doffed his cap and bowed.

"Good evening, Mrs. Hallam," he said, with a rueful smile.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NOW, if Kirkwood's emotion was poignant, Mrs. Hallam's astonishment paralleled and her relief transcended it. As order to understand this it must be remembered that, while Mr. Kirkwood was aware of the lady's presence in Antwerp on her part she had known nothing of him since he had so gallantly fled her company in Sheerness. She seemed to anticipate that either Calendar or one of his fellows would be discovered at the door, to have surprised it without any excessive degree of pleasure.

Only briefly she hesitated, while her surprise swayed her. Then, with a hardening of the eyes and a curt little nod, "I'm sorry," she said with decision, "but I am busy and can't see you now, Mr. Kirkwood," and attempted to shut the door in his face.

Deftly Kirkwood forestalled her intention by inserting a foot between the door and the jamb. He had dared too great to be thus dismissed. "Pardon me," he countered, unabashed, "but I wish to speak with Miss Calendar."

"Dorothy," returned the lady with spirit, "is engaged."

"Beyond," he told her quietly, "to see Miss Calendar. It's useless your trying to hinder me. We may as well understand each other, madam, and I'll tell you now that if you wish to avoid a scene"—

"Dorothy," the woman called over her shoulder, "ring for the porter."

"By all means," assented Kirkwood politely. "I'll send him for a gendarme."

"You insolent puppy!"

"Madam, your wit disarms me"—

"What is the matter, Mrs. Hallam?" interrupted a voice from the other side of the door. "Who is it?"

"Miss Calendar!" cried Kirkwood hastily, raising his voice.

"Mr. Kirkwood!" the reply came on the instant. She knew his voice. "Please, Mrs. Hallam, I will see Mr. Kirkwood."

"You have no time to waste with him, Dorothy," said the woman coldly. "I must insist"—

"But you don't seem to understand; it is Mr. Kirkwood!" argued the girl, as if she were ample excuse for any impudence.

Kirkwood's scant store of patience was by this time rigidly becoming exhausted. "I should advise you not to interfere any further, Mrs. Hallam," he told her in a tone low, but charged with meaning.

How much did he know? She eyed him an instant longer in sullen suspicion, then swung open the door, with a curt, grave bow.

"If you press me," he returned winningly, "how can I refuse? You are too good!"

His impertinence disconcerted even himself. He wondered that she did not slap him as he passed her, entering the room, and felt that he deserved it, despite her attitude. But such thoughts could not long trouble one whose eyes were enchanted by the sight of Dorothy confronting him in the middle of the dingy room, her hands, bristling dangerously with hat pins, busy with the adjustment of a small gray toque atop the wonder that was her hair. So vivacious and charming she seemed, so spirited and bright her coloring, so flushed was

she altogether to the picture of her, worn and distraught, that he had mentally conjured up, that he stopped in an extreme of disconcertion and dropped the hand bag, smiling sheepishly enough under her ready laughmirth irresistibly incited by the plainly read play of expression on his mobile countenance.

"You must forgive the unconventionality, Mr. Kirkwood," she apologized, needlessly enough, for his embarrassment. "I am on the point of going out with Mrs. Hallam, and of course you are the last person on earth I expected to meet here."

"It's good to see you, Miss Calendar," he said simply, remarking with much satisfaction that her trim walking costume bore witness to her statement that she was prepared for the street.

The girl glanced into a mirror, patted the small, bewitching hat an infinitesimal fraction of an inch to one side and turned to him again, her face full of it. One of them, small, but cordial, rested in his grasp for an instant all too brief, the while he gazed earnestly into her face, noting with concern what the first glance had not shown him—the almost imperceptible shadows beneath her eyes and cheek bones, pathetic records of the hours the girl had spent since last he had seen her in company with us.

She was changed—a little, but changed. "She had suffered' and was suffering, and, forced by suffering, her nascent womanhood was stirring in the bud. The child that he had met in London in Antwerp he found grown to woman's stature and slowly coming to comprehension of the nature of the change in herself, the wonder of it glowing softly in her eyes.

The clear understanding of mankind that is an appanage of woman's estate was now added to the intuitions of a girl's untroubled heart. She could not be blind to the mute adoration of his gaze, nor could she resent it. Beneath it she colored and lowered her lashes.

"I was about to go out," she repeated in confusion. "I—it's pleasant to see you too."

"Thank you," he stammered ineptly. "I—I"—

"If Mr. Kirkwood will excuse us, Dorothy," Mrs. Hallam's sharp tones struck in discordantly, "we shall be glad to see him when we return to London."

"I am infinitely complimented, Mrs. Hallam," Kirkwood assured her, and of the girl quickly, "You're going back home?" he asked.

She nodded, with a faint, puzzled smile that included the woman. "After a little—not immediately. Mrs. Hallam is so kind"—

"Pardon me," he interrupted, "but tell me one thing, please. Have you any one in England to whom you can send a telegram and be welcomed and cared for—any friends or relations?"

"Dorothy will be with me," Mrs. Hallam answered for her, with cold defiance.

Deliberately insolent, Kirkwood turned his back to the woman. "Miss Calendar, will you answer my question for yourself?" he asked the girl pointedly.

"Why, yes, several friends—none in London, but"—

"Dorothy"—

"One moment, Mrs. Hallam," Kirkwood begged, simply over his shoulder, "I'm going to ask you something rather odd, Miss Calendar," he continued, seeking the girl's eyes. "I hope"—

"Dorothy, I"—

(Continued on page 5.)

Sites for British Industries.

Six factory sites have been selected in Canada for the location of British industries and further British development will follow their work of Theo. Feilden, of London, Eng., director-general of the Empire Trade League and editor-in-chief of the Empire Review, on his arrival in Winnipeg Mr. Feilden stated that he had been commissioned by the Empire Trade League to look for sites for those corporations in England and had so far found six that were satisfactory.

Canada's Asbestos.

Canada produces more asbestos than any other country; the annual output having a value of about $2,000,000. The asbestos producing areas are districts near Black Lake and Thetford, in the part of the Province of Quebec known as the Eastern Townships.

The S. S. Princess Elaine.

A new steamer, the Princess Elaine, to run between Vancouver and Nanaimo, will cost the C. P. R. $1,500,000.

Discovery of Antimony.

An important discovery of antimony is reported to have been made in Northern Manitoba.

Fruit Saved by Wireless.

A fruit-grower in South Germany had tried everything he could think of to frighten off birds, but without success. He has now put a loudspeaker in his orchard—and every bird shuns it.

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SON-IN-LAW
PA FOLLOWS THE RULES — BY WELLINGTON
AW WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO INSIST, YOU ARE GOING TO STAY ON THIS DIET OF FRUIT NUTS AND VEGETABLES!
BUT I'M STARVIN' I TELL YA! D'YA MEAN I'VE GOTTA EAT THAT ONE PRUNE IS ALL I'M EVER GOIN' T' GET FOR BREAKFAST?
OH NO, YOU MAY HAVE YOUR CHOICE OF ONE PIECE OF ANY FRUIT SUCH AS ONE PLUM, ONE GRAPE, ONE APPLE, ETC. AND FOR LUNCHEON YOU MAY HAVE THREE OF ANY KIND OF NUT YOU DESIRE AND AT NIGHT ONE OF ANY KIND OF VEGETABLE, SUCH AS ONE CARROTT OR ONE POTATO
HM-M!
JUST TELL WOE-SIN HELL PREPARE IT
HM-M, WELL THAT MAY NOT BE SO BAD!
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CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

There is a call to the women of Canada to buy Canadian commodities and a call to the publicity agents in England to make Canadian products better known. In Toronto at the meeting of the Women's Institutes of Central Ontario, Mrs. W. R. Sleeper, convener of the W.I. standing committee on Canadian Industries, said she had made a round of the London fruit shops and found that nearly all of them brought their produce from the United States. Two ladies who have recently returned from a year spent abroad, tell the same tale and from British Columbia comes the story of thousands of Canadian and British fruit farmers who are going out of the business because they cannot find a profitable market for their fruit. Let us ask where the fruit we buy at the stalls in our cities comes from and still further, let us be sure we have a truthful answer. Let us in all our shopping keep before us the motto, "Buy in Canada."

Already the merchants are saying "Do your Christmas shopping early." In this colum we will, for the next few weeks, make suggestions that may help to make the strenuous task of filling up your Christmas list easier. First we will take a few things that can be made between now and December 25th. For people who knit quickly there are scarfs and nightingales. Woollen scarfs are warm and comfortable, but if you like something just a little smarter, you can get art silk in lovely shades. Pullovers for the boys and girls to wear under their coats to school, and long stockings, home knitted, are splendid presents. For the people who can crochet, there are bedroom slippers to be made for children and grownups. Knitted bags of art silk are charming. We were shown one of deep eyelashwool, purl and two plain for two rows and the same stitch reversed so that the purl came where the plain was, making blocks. It was lined with silk and finished with a cord and tassel made of the silk. This year the girls are making pretty flowers of yarn for cloth buttonhole. You get yarn in three or more shades of a bright color, yellow, rose, mauve, mauve and green for the stems. Wind the green on a piece of cardboard 30 times, the cardboard being five inches deep. This makes your stem which you lay along a heavy pencil, hold firmly and wind the colored wool over the green around the pencil 20 times, evenly, but not too tightly. Push the rings of wool off the pencil and tighten up the green wool on the rings and tie. This will give you the stem, which should be evenly divided on each side of the flower. Thread one end of the stem in the needle and make a French knot, once around the needle will be enough, and push through the centre of the flower. If you like a golden heart to the flower you can easily vary the bouquet in this way. About thirty flowers will make a buttonhole. Some people use a variety of colors as for an old fashioned bouquet.

We have some very fine girls in Canada girls who do quite wonderful things. They are in business life, efficient and quiet, doing a man's job. They are nursing in the hospitals, cooking and caring for families in homes. We are proud of them. But we may as well look the facts in the face and realize that for some reason the girl who goes out in reputable society of any class today is faced with temptations her mother and her grandmother knew nothing about. There are parties and dance halls, frequented by people whom we meet everywhere, where the girls' ginger ale glasses are filled up with whiskey by young men who are, some of them, little more than boys. Some of the girls know quite well what is being done and are as bad as the boys. Others did not realize what they are driking or its effect, until it is too late. Then there is a rowdy party and a motor drive, a long way round, home. Twenty years ago these things did not happen among reputable people. There were such things, but the bright, innocent looking girls you met on the street on their way to offices or on their way to the golf links, or on their way to the golf links, only heard whispers of such a world. What are we going to do about it?

We read a good deal lately about the squirrels being so tame this year. In the cities no doubt, it is largely because their friends feed them nuts and the wise little animals have learned to connect a human being with a ready-made food supply. But one reason why the woodland squirrels are so tame this year is that the nut harvest is a failure. All autumn boys and girls have been nutting in vain in most localities and the squirrels are said to be storing up the hard, sour apples on the wild apple trees. Poor little things! They will want friends before the winter is over. The wise folk tell us that the scarcity of nuts is a sure sign of a mild winter, but already we have had more severe cold than is usual at this season.

Here is the bride's cake recipe from the lady who gave us the one for white fruit cake. 1-2-3-4 of shortening, 2 cups of sugar, the white of 14 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 tb. of vanilla, 1 cup of cake flour. Sift the flour and cream the shortening until it is a fluff. Add the unbeaten whites of eggs, one at a time and beat well the sugar and the shortening. Upon the beating of this cake depends its success. When the sugar, shortening and eggs are in a cream, add the vanilla and then the flour, with which the baking powder has been sifted. If you wish add half a pound of cherries. Bake in a loaf. For a wedding, this cake is good baked in a shallow pan and then cut in odd waste and each square decorated with a boiled icing made of 3 cups of white sugar and the whites of two eggs. For the flat cake do not use cherries. For a fruit cake this same batter can be used with a pound each of raisins, currants, dates with peel and nuts.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30—Fellowship and Sacramental service.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—The congregation of Grace church will attend St. Andrew's church anniversary service. Principal H. A. Kent, of Queen's Theological College, will be the preacher.
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited.

Belleville, Ontario.
(60th Year)

Famed throughout America and the West Indies for the **Supremacy** of its **Courses** and the **Success** of its **Graduates.** Prepares students for positions as **Accountants, Bookkeepers, Secretaries, Stenographers,** etc.

Students may start at any time.
Write for O. B. C. Catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.

40-1

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.
Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 2.30 p.m.; Public Worship 3.30 p.m.
Gretna Church—Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.
Instalation of Elders and Stewards.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:
10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

St. John's Selby—
2.30—Evening Prayer and sermon.

Celio-Glass.

For your poultry houses. Sold at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

Auction Sale.

S. W. Clark will sell for George Kinnear on lot 11, con. 5, Richmond, two miles west of Selby, on Thursday, December 6th, 1927, all his farm stock, usual farm implements, horses, cows, etc. Usual terms.

Grand Concert at Selby.

On Monday evening next, Dec. 5th, a grand concert will be given in the United Church, Selby, by Elder and party. Wonderful costumes and lilting music. Concert under the auspices of The Young People's Bible Class. Adults, 35c.; Children, 20c.

Bazaar and Concert.

On Tuesday, December 6th, the A.O.T.S. Class of Grace United church will hold their annual Bazaar and Concert. Useful and fancy articles will be for sale. Afternoon tea will be served. A good programme is being provided for the evenig, consisting of male talent only. Admission 25c.

Election of Officers.

At the regular meetnig of Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., held on Tuesday evening of last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

J.P.G.—Bro. A. E. Cook.
N.G.—Bro. Jas. MacGillivray
V.G.—Bro. Stewart Shelton.
F.S.—Bro. U. M. Wilson.
R.S.—Bro. F. W. Barrett
Treas—Bro. Wm. Davis.

A Real Display.

This is, by far, the largest and best assortment of chocolates, in package and in bulk, that we have ever handled. They are from three of the best chocolate manufacturers in Canada, viz: Neilson's, Moir's and Patterson's. Just look for them in the windows. They are in three 'silent salesmen.' Come in and look them over.

1-b AT STEACY'S.

Died Very Suddenly.

Louis Tisdale, a former resident of Barriefield, aged 75 years, died very suddenly in Detroit on Sunday. The funeral is being held from his late residence, 91 Lower Bagot street, Kingston, on Wednesday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock to Cataraqui cemetery. Deceased was a resident of Napanee for a good many years prior to his removing to Kingston, and will be remembered by many of our older residents. During his residence in Napanee he followed the occupation of boat builder, and conducted a boat livery near the foot of Robert Street.

Rebekah's Elect Officers.

The annual election of the officers of Queen of Sheba Lodge No. 250, Daughters of Rebekah, was held last night, the following being elected for the year 1928:

Junior Past Noble Grand—Mrs. Harry Thompson.
Noble Grand—Mrs. A. Kitchen.
Vice Grand—Mrs. A. D. Snider.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Ray Huffman.
Financial Secretary—Mrs. H. C. Garratt.
Treasurer—Miss Irene Wagar.
Immediately following the lodge session a social hour was spent in cards, after which light refreshments were served.

EVEN RICE HURT GIRL'S STOMACH

"I had indigestion so bad I was afraid to eat even rice. Adlerika has done me so much good that now I eat anything."—Ardenia Howard.

Adlerika relieves stomach gas and sourness in TEN minutes. Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel, it removes old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Let Adlerika give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleansing and see how much better you will feel. It will surprise you! Wallace's Drug Store.

Radio Accessories.

Tubes, Layerbilt heavy B. batteries. Last longer and give better service.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Get your winter supply of

Apples

Spys, Baldwins, Tolman Sweets, Snows

Fish

Fresh Whitefish, Fresh Herring, Etc.

Domestic Shortening at 15c. lb.

any quantity

Rice

Quality Rice at 4 lbs. for 25c.

Barbadoes Cooking Molasses

By the gallon

English Breakfast Bacon

Per lb. 20c.

Raw Sugar, Raisins, Currants, Peels, Shelled Nuts

Pork Barrels

Perry's Grocery

Dundas St. Opposite Royal Hotel

PAINTING THE FORTH BRIDGE.

Men Are Employed All the Year Round.

Fifty-five men are employed all the year round painting the famous Forth Bridge, but it is only during summer that the topmost girders of the huge spans can be reached. The workmen look like flies as they crawl about the huge steel members, and for safety a patrol launch is in constant attendance below the bridge.

It takes three years and fifty tons of mixed oxide of iron paint to cover the structure from one end to the other, and then the work starts all over again. The painters are swung in mid-air in tiny cradles composed of a couple of narrow slats of wood suspended by block tackle. To reach the topmost points, however, is a windy job on the finest day, but there are complaints when the order goes out that external painting must cease; this occurs when the wind rises above thirty-five miles an hour.

In an inspector's office is the wind gauge, which has been known to register as much as seventy miles an hour.

During the winter months the interiors of the 12-foot diameter tube girders are painted.

Trains cross the bridge during the summer at between five and ten minute intervals, and the painters look out for pennies tossed out by passengers. Ever since the bridge was opened, travellers have thrown coins out of the train windows into the Forth "for luck," and some of them lodge in the girders.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

December 4th, 1927.
Morning service withdrawn for Anniversary service at St. Andrew's Church.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.
Wednesday, 7.30—"An Hour of Bible Study."

OBITUARY

MRS. ISAAC FRASER.

On Friday, October 21st, there passed away at her late residence, Sara Jane Perry, beloved wife of Mr. Isaac Fraser. Mrs. Fraser was born Violet eighty-four years ago and spent her long life within Ernestown township. She was of U. E. L. stock. Early in life she became a member of the Methodist Church at Violet and at Union entered the United Church. As a girl she taught in the Sunday school and continued to serve in that department many years. She was much interested in missionary work and gave of her best to the W.M.S. During the war her patriotism was aglow and several scores of pairs of socks were knit for the soldiers overseas and her inspiring zeal did not cool until the guns ceased on the firing line. Sixty-three years ago she was happily married and in passing leaves behind her husband, three daughters, Mrs. Allen, of Newburgh; Mrs. Scott, of Montreal; and Mrs. Lucas, of Odessa, and two sons, William and Almon, of Alberta. Interment was made at Violet Cemetery.

EPHRAIM McLAUGHLIN.

There passed away at his late residence on John street, on Thursday morning, November twenty-fourth, after an illness of about a year, Ephraim McLaughlin, well-known and respected citizen of Napanee.

Deceased was brn in Elderslie township, Bruce county, second eldest of a family of twelve. At an early age he learned the tinsmith trade with his uncle, Irwin Rusk, of Southampton, Ont., and for ten years conducted a hardware store in Tiverton, Ont., and came to Napanee thirty-five years ago, where he has been actively engaged in business activities ever since.

In religion he was a staunch Presbyterian and a faithful member of St. Andrew's United Church.

In politics he was a Liberal. He was a member of A. F. & A. M., Union Lodge No. 9, and was treasurer of this lodge for 17 years. He was also a member of Mount Sinai Chapter No. 44, and a member of Napanee Lodge No. 1424, I.O.L.A., many years and was its financial secretary. Five years ago he received his twenty-five year Veteran's jewel.

About a year ago he underwent a serious operation in Kingston General Hospital, from which he never fully recovered.

The funeral took place on Friday afternoon, November twenty-fifth, at his late residence, John street. The remains were laid to rest in Riverview cemetery. He leaves to mourn, his wife, and three children, Geraldine, William and Vivian, who tenderly cared for him during his long illness. Many beautiful floral tributes testified to the high esteem in which he was held.

Those present at the funeral from a distance were his brothers, Irwin and Edward McLaughlin, of Paisley, Ont., and nephew, Stan. Dunsmore, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Stillman, of Belleville; Mr. W. T. Dockrill, of the C.P.R., Toronto; Mr. J. H. Hoppes, of the North American Telegraph Co., Kingston, and Mr. J. H. S. Derry, of Kingston.

Deep Breathing for Beauty.

How do you breathe? I ask the question, writes an Old Country doctor, because, in an illness, correct breathing will help you tremendously. A short time ago two of my patients were suffering from the same disease. I did my best for each. One —a "good breather"—recovered; the other—a "bad breather"—died. He breathed through his mouth instead of his nose, and breathed "short" in consequence. As short mouth-breathing is much harder work he became exhausted, with tragic result.

Not one person in a hundred uses all his lungs. Half or more are not in action. The practice of deep breathing would bring all one's lungs into use, and with not half the strain. Practically every illness throws a strain on the lungs and heart. Correct, deep nose-breathing lessens the strain—a great assistance. There's more life-giving oxygen for the blood, and the heart benefits proportionately. Steady breathing means a good circulation, and the latter is an important factor in illness. Finally, deep breathing is a beauty-bringer. It puts roses in the cheeks, clears the skin, and keeps away wrinkles.

Listens With His Fingers.

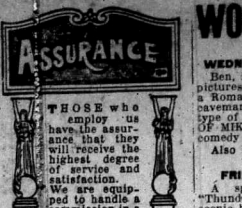
Mr. F. J. Shaunessy, of Rochester, N.Y., who is deaf and dumb, listens to the broadcast program with his fingers.

He has not been able to speak or hear since the age of six, when a severe illness resulted in this affliction.

His receiving set, which is entirely home-made and comprises a unique cone-type loud-speaker that permits him to "hear" by feeling the vibrations on the parchment, was built up from regular parts, with the addition of an invention of his own, which is connected to the undersized cone parchment.

He places his fingers on the cone and is able to distinguish talking from music, and is most critical of the rendering of the music.

He is also able to pick out the various instruments which the orchestra play, and, as he lives quite alone, he depends on his wireless receiver for his only enjoyment.



THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS, TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FUNERAL EQUIPMENT
MOTOR AMBULANCE
PHONE 88 NAPANEE

FORD'S NEW CAR TO BE ON DISPLAY ON DECEMBER 2

Detroit, Nov. 24.—Henry Ford announced today that his new car would be given its first public showing in Canada and England and the United States on Friday, Dec. 2.

The new model, he estimates, will be responsible for the expenditure of nearly $800,000,000 for labor and materials during 1928.

Ford plants throughout the world, he said, are rapidly taking on their full complement of workers to resume the production program which was suspended early last summer to retool the plants for production of the new car. The new car will be known officially as Model A.

Mr. Ford's optimistic outlook for the coming year, he said, is not predicated on the desires or sales ambitions of the Ford Motor Company.

"It is based," he said, "on ample evidence of continued and increasing material prosperity." Then in a formal statement the auto magnate says: "National wealth is increasing. Individuals have more money. Taxes are on the decrease, and Governmental economy has made for better business in all lines.

"People buy when they have money. They become cautious in their expenditures only when money becomes scarce. Money is more scarce today, nor will it become so next year, in my opinion. Therefore, we will have what we realize as prosperity.

"I feel that the Model A Ford car is being launched under most happy auspices. It is appearing at a time when it can play a big part in what promises to be a period of very real national prosperity."

Plow Shares.

To fit all makes of plows at

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

48-tf

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Ben, Lyon, who in his latest picture was run the gamut from a Roman gladiator to a modern caveman, has a new and striking type of role in "FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE," the new Robert Kane comedy drama.

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

A spectacular forest fire, "Thunder," the Marvel Dog, and scenic backgrounds of marvelous beauty are a few of the high spots of the latest Godham production, "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST."

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

John Barrymore's latest picture, "THE SEA BEAST," is an epic of the 1840 whalers adapted by Bess Meredyth from Herman Melville's novel, "Moby Dick."

Also a special comedy.

SPECIAL

Thursday, Friday and Saturday December 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

7 People 7 People

"THE SPEEDWAY GIRLS' REVUE," with pictures with an entire change of program each night.

Admission: Adults 35c.; Children 20c.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Featurning several splendid stories of outdoor life as well as numerous interesting articles on sporting subjects, the December issue of ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS, Canadian sporting magazine, has just been published. Among the well told stories of hunting trips is an especially good one of a trip in the Rocky Muntains after big horn sheep and goat by George H. Charls.

In addition to the full list of other articles, the regular departments on guns and ammunition by C. S. Landis, Fishing Notes, edited by G. P. Sladen, Outdoor Talk by W. C. Motley, Kennel Notes by C. H. Hopkins and Dr. L. E. L. Taylor and "Along the Trap Line," by M. U. Bates, all contain most useful information with regard to their special fields.

Canadian Silver Fox News section also contains valuable material with regard to the growing industry and informative articles.

Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or chew,
If your grub tastes like glue,
If your heart does't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl,
For heaven's sake—marry the girl.

WEBSTER'S

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE

As we have decided to discontinue the grocery business at the end of the year we will offer to the public our high class stock of merchandise at greatly reduced prices.

Sale Starts Nov. 30th

and continues until the end of December

A full line of new Raisins, Currants, Peel, Shelled Nuts, for the Christmas Cake.

We will also have in stock a full line of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables such as Figs, Dates, Table Raisins, Oranges, Grape Fruit, Cranberries, Bananas, Iceberg Lettuce, Celery, Sweet Green Peppers, etc.

A well assorted stock of Xmas Candies and Nuts.

We are taking orders for Xmas Holly, Holly Wreaths, and Evergreen Wreathing.

As it would take up too much space to quote prices we would ask you to come in and see us as we intend to dispose of our stock in a short space of time.

Webster's Grocery

The Sign of Quality

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 3)

"If you please, Mrs. Hallam," suggested the girl, with just the right shade of independence, "I wish to listen to Mr. Kirkwood. He has been very kind to me and has every right." She turned to him again, leaving the woman breathless and speechless with anger.

"You told me once," Kirkwood continued quickly and, he felt, brazenly, "that you considered me kind, thoughtful and considerate. You know me no better today than you did then, but I want to beg you to trust me a little. Can you trust yourself to my protection until we reach your friends in England?"

"Why, I"—the girl faltered, taken by surprise.

"Mr. Kirkwood!" cried Mrs. Hallam angrily, finding her voice.

Kirkwood turned to meet her onslaught with a mien grave, determined, unflinching. "Please do not interfere, madam," he said quietly.

"You are impertinent, sir! Dorothy, I forbid you to listen to this person!"

The girl flushed, lifting her chin a trifle. "Forbid?" she repeated wonderingly.

Kirkwood was quick to take advantage of her resentment. "Mrs. Hallam is not fitted to advise you," he insisted, "nor can she control your actions. It must already have occurred to you that you're rather out of place in the present circumstances. The men who have brought you further I believe you already see through to some extent. Forgive my speaking plainly. But that is why you have accepted Mrs. Hallam's offer of protection. Will you take my word for it that when I tell you she has not your right interests at heart, but the reverse? I happen to know, Miss Calendar, and I"—

"How dare you, sir!"

Flaming with rage, Mrs. Hallam put herself bodily between them, confronting Kirkwood in white lipped desperation, her small gloved hands clinched and quivering at her sides, her green eyes dangerous.

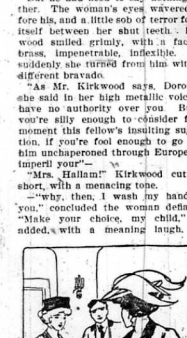
But Kirkwood could silence her, and he did. "Do you wish me to speak frankly, madam? Do you wish me to tell what I know and all I know," with rising emphasis, "of your social status and your relations with Calendar and Mulready? I promise you that if you wish it or force me to it"—

But he had need to say nothing further. The woman's eyes wavered before his, and a little sob of terror forced itself between her shut teeth. Kirkwood smiled grimly, with a face of brass, impenetrable, inflexible. And suddenly she turned from him with indifferent bravado.

"As Mr. Kirkwood says, Dorothy," she said in her high metallic voice, "I have no authority over you. But if you're silly enough to consider for a moment this fellow's insulting suggestion, if you're fool enough to go with him unchaperoned through Europe and imperil your"—

"Mrs. Hallam!" Kirkwood cut her short, with a menacing tone.

"—why, then, I wash my hands of you," concluded the woman defiantly. "Make your choice, my child," she added, with a meaning laugh, and



"The honor of an American gentleman."

moved away, humming a snatch from a French song, which brought the hot blood to Kirkwood's face.

And she was glad of that. "You may judge between us," he appealed to her directly once more, "I can only offer you my word of honor as an American gentleman that you shall be landed in England safe and sound by the first available steamer."

"There's no need to say more, Mr. Kirkwood," Dorothy informed him quietly. "I have already decided. I think I begin to understand some things clearly now. If you're ready we will go."

From the window, where she stood holding the curtains back and staring out, Mrs. Hallam turned with a curling lip.

"The honor of an American gentleman," she quoted, with a stinging sneer. "I'm sure I wish you comfort of it, child!"

"We must make haste, Miss Calendar," said Kirkwood, ignoring the implication. "Have you a traveling bag?"

She silently indicated a small valise, closed and strapped, on a table by the bed and immediately passed out into the hall. Kirkwood took the case containing the gladstone bag in one hand, the girl's valise in the other, and followed.

As he turned the head of the stairs he looked back. Mrs. Hallam was still at the window, her back turned. From her very passiveness he received an impression of something ominous and forbidding. If she had lost a trick or two of the game she played, she still held cards—was not at the end of her resources. She stuck in his imagination for many an hour as a force to be reckoned with.

For the present he understood that she was waiting to apprise Calendar and Mulready of their flight. With more haste, then, he followed Dorothy down the three flights, through the tiny office, where madam sat sound asleep at her overburdened desk, and out.

Opposite the door they were fortunate to find a fiacre drawn up in waiting at the curb. Kirkwood opened the door for the girl to enter.

"Gare du Sud," he directed the driver. "Drive your fastest. Double fare for quick time!"

The driver awoke with a start from profound reverie, looked Kirkwood over and bowed with gesticulative palms.

"M'sieu', I am desolated, but engaged!" he protested.

"Precisely." Kirkwood deposited the two bags on the forward seat of the conveyance and stood back to convince the man. "Precisely," said he, undismayed. "The lady who engaged you is remaining for a time. I will settle the bill."

"Very well, m'sieu'!" The driver disclaimed responsibility and accepted the favor of the gods with a speaking shrug. "M'sieu' said the Gare du Sud?"

Kirkwood jumped in and shut the door. The vehicle drew slowly away from the curb, then with gratifying speed hammered upstream on the embankment. Bending forward, elbows on knees, Kirkwood watched the sidewalks narrowly, partly to cover the girl's constraint due to Mrs. Hallam's actions.

attitude, partly on the lookout for Calendar and his confederates. In a few moments they passed a public clock.

"We've missed the Flushing boat," he announced. "I'm making a try for the Hoek van Holland line. We may possibly make it. I know that it leaves by the Sud quay, and that's all I do know," he concluded, with an apologetic laugh.

"And if we miss that?" asked the girl, breaking silence for the first time since they had left the hotel.

"We'll take the first train out of Antwerp."

"Where to?"

"Wherever the first train goes, Miss Calendar. The main point is to get away tonight. That we must do, no matter where we land or how we get there. Tomorrow we can plan with more certainty."

"Yes." Her assent was more a sigh than a word.

The cab, dashing down the Rue Leopold de Wael, swung into the Place du Sud before the station. Kirkwood, acutely watchful, suddenly thrust head and shoulders out of his window (fortunately it was the one away from the depot) and called up to the driver.

"Don't stop! Gare Centrale now, and treble fare!"

"Yes, sir! All right!"

The whip cracked, and the horse swerved sharply round the corner into the Avenue du Nord. The young man, with a hushed exclamation, turned in his seat, lifting the flap over the little peephole in the back of the carriage.

He had not been mistaken. Calendar was standing in front of the station, and it was plain to be seen from his pose that the madly careering fiacre interested him more than slightly. Irresolute, perturbed, the man took a step or two after it, changed his mind and returned to his post of observation.

Kirkwood dropped the flap and turned back to find the girl wide eyed, searching his face. He said nothing.

"What was that?" she asked after a patient moment.

"Your father, Miss Calendar," he returned unconfortably.

There fell a short pause; then, "Why, will you tell me, is it necessary to run away from my father, Mr Kirkwood?" she demanded with a moving little break in her voice.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KIRKWOOD hesitated. It was unfeeling to tell her why, yet it was essential that she know, however painful the knowledge might prove to her.

And she was insistent. He might not dodge the issue. "Why?" she repeated as he paused.

"I wish you wouldn't press me for an answer just now, Miss Calendar."

"Don't you think I had better know?" Instinctively he inclined his head in assent.

"Then why?"

Kirkwood bent forward and patted the flank of the satchel that held the gladstone bag.

"What does that mean, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"That I have the jewels," he told her tersely, looking straight ahead.

At his shoulder he heard a low gasp of amazement and incredulity commingled.

"But—how did you get them? My father deposited them in bank this morning?"

"He must have taken them out again. I got them on board the Alethea, where your father was conferring with Mulready and Captain Stryker."

"The Alethea!"

"Yes."

"You took them from those men—you! But didn't my father"—

"I had to persuade him," said Kirkwood simply.

"But there were three of them against you!"

"Mulready wasn't—ah—feeling very well, and Stryker's a coward. They gave me no trouble. I locked them in Stryker's room, tipped the bag of jewels and came away. I ought to tell you that they were discussing the advisability of sailing away without you, leaving you here, friendless and without means. That's why I considered it my duty to take a hand. I don't like to tell you this so brutally, but you ought to know."

"I understand."

But for some moments she did not speak. He avoided looking at her.

The fiacre, rolling at top speed, but smoothly, on the broad avenues that encircle the ancient city, turned into the Avenue de Keyser, bringing into sight the Gare Centrale.

"You don't—k-know"— began the girl without warning, in a voice gusty with sobs.

"Steady on!" said Kirkwood gently. "I do know, but don't let's talk about it now. We'll be at the station in a minute, and I'll get out and see what's to be done about a train if neither Mulready nor Stryker is about. You stay in the carriage. No!" He changed his mind suddenly. "I'll not risk losing you again. It's a risk we'll have to run in company."

"Please!" she agreed brokenly.

"The fiacre slowed up and stopped.

"And you all right, Miss Calendar?" Kirkwood asked.

The girl sat up, lifting her head proudly. "I am quite ready," she said, steadying her voice.

Kirkwood reconnoitered through the window while the driver was descending.

"Gare Centrale, m'sieu'," he said, opening the door.

"No one in sight," Kirkwood told the girl. "Come, please."

He got out and gave her his hand, then paid the driver, picked up the two bags and hurried with Dorothy into the station to find in waiting a string of cars into which people were moving at leisurely rate. The luggage at the ticket window developed the fact that it was the 12:26 for Brussels, the last train leaving the Gare Centrale that night and due to start in ten minutes.

The information settled their plans for once and all. Kirkwood promptly secured through tickets, also purchasing "reserve" supplementary tickets which entitled them to the use of those modern conveniences which take the place of first class compartments on the Belgian state railways.

"It's a pleasure," said Kirkwood lightly as he followed the girl into one of those cars, and found in a common sense sort of train again. Feels like home." He put their luggage in one of the racks and sat down beside her.

The girl smiled bravely. "And after Brussels?" she inquired.

"First train for the coast," he said promptly—"Dover, Ostend, Boulogne, whichever proves handiest, no matter which, so long as it gets us on English soil without undue delay."

She said "Yes" abstractedly, resting an elbow on the window sill and her chin in her palm, to stare with serious, sweet brown eyes out into the arc smitten night that hung beneath the echoing roof.

Kirkwood digested in despite of the constraint he placed himself under to be still and not disturb her needlessly. Impatience and apprehension of misfortune obsessed his mental processes in equal degree. The ten minutes seemed interminable that elapsed ere the grinding couplings advertised the imminence of their start.

The guards began to bawl, the doors to slam, belated travelers to dash madly for the conches. The train gave a preliminary lurch ere settling down to its league-long inland dash.

Kirkwood, in a fever of hope and an agne of fear, saw a man sprint furiously across the platform and throw himself on the forward steps of their coach on the very instant of the start.

Presently he entered by the forward door and walked slowly through, narrowly inspecting the various passengers. As he approached the seats occupied by Kirkwood and Dorothy Calendar his eyes encountered the young man's, and he leered evilly. Kirkwood met the look with one that was like a kick, and the fellow passed with some haste into the car behind.

"Who was that?" demanded the girl without moving her head.

"How did you know?" he asked, astonished. "You didn't look"—

"I saw your knuckles whiten beneath the skin. Who was it?"

"Hobbs," he acknowledged bitterly, "the mate of the Alethea."

"I know. And you think"—

"Yes. He must have been ashore when I was on board the brigantine. He certainly wasn't in the cabin. Evidently they hunted him up on an accross him and pressed him into service. You see they're watching every outlet. But we'll win through, never fear!"

The train, escaping the outskirts of the city, remarked the event with an exultant shriek, then settled down, droning steadily, to night devouring flight. In the corridor car the few passengers disposed themselves to drowse away the coming hour—the short hour's ride that, in these piping days of frantic traveling, separates Antwerp from the capital city of Belgium.

A guard, slamming gustily in through the front door, reeled unsteadily down the aisle. Kirkwood, rousing from a profound reverie, detained him with a gesture and began to interrogate him in French. When he departed presently it transpired that the girl was unacquainted with that tongue.

"I didn't understand, you know," she told him with a slow, shy smile.

"I was merely questioning him about the trains from Brussels tonight. We daren't stop, you see. We must go on—keep Hobbs on the jump and lose him, if possible. There's where our savantage lies—in having only Hobbs to deal with. He's not particularly intellectual, and we've two heads to his besides. If we can prevent him from guessing our destination and wiring back to Antwerp, we may win away. You understand?"

"Perfectly," she said, brightening. "And what do you purpose doing now?"

"I can't tell yet. The guard's gone to get me some information about the night trains on other lines. In the meantime don't fret about Hobbs. I'll answer for Hobbs."

"I shan't be worried," she said simply, "with you here."

Whatever answer he would have made he was obliged to postpone because of the return of the guard, with a handful of time tables, and when, rewarded with a modest gratuity, the man had gone his way and Kirkwood turned again to the girl she had withdrawn her attention for the time.

Unconscious of his bold regard, she was dreaming, her thoughts at loose ends, her eyes studying the luminous depths of blue black night that swirled and eddied beyond the window glass. The most shadowy of smiles touched her lips; the faintest shade of color lingered still on her cheeks. She was thinking of—him? As long as he dared the young man, his heart in his own eyes, watched her greedily, eating a miser's fill of her youthful beauty, striving with all his soul to analyze the enigma of that most inscrutable smile.

It baffled him. He could not say of what she thought and told himself bitterly that it was not for him, a pauper, to presume a place in her meditations. He must not forget his circumstances nor let her tolerance render him ridiculous to his place, which must be a servant's, not a lover's.

The better to convince himself of this he plunged desperately into a forced attempt to make head or tail of Belgian railway schedules, complicated as these of necessity are by the alteration from normal time notation to the abnormal system sanctioned by the government, and vice versa, with every train that crosses a boundary line of the state.

So preoccupied did he become in this pursuit that he was subconsciously impressed that the girl had spoken twice ere he could detach his interest from the exasperatingly inconclusive and incoherent cohorts of ranked figures.

"Can't you find out anything?" Dorothy was asking.

"Precious little," he grumbled. "I'd give my head for a Bradshaw! Only it wouldn't be a fair exchange. There seems to be an express for Bruges leaving the Gare du Nord, Brussels, at fifty-five minutes after 23 o'clock, and if I'm not mistaken that's the latest train out of Brussels and the earliest we can catch—if we can catch it. I've never been in Brussels, and heaven only knows how long it would take us to get to it from the Gare du Midi to the Nord."

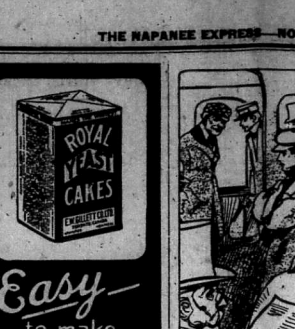
In this statement, however, Mr. Kirkwood was fortunately mistaken. Not only heaven, it appeared, had cognizance of the distance between the two stations. While Kirkwood was still debating the question, with pessimistic tendencies, the friendly guard had occasion to pass through the coach and, being tapped, yielded the desired information with entire tractability.

It would be a cab ride of perhaps ten minutes. Monsieur, however, would serve himself well if he offered the driver an advance tip as an incentive to speedy driving. Why? Why, because (here the guard consulted his watch, and Kirkwood very keenly reflected the loss of his own)—because this train, announced to arrive in Brussels some twenty minutes prior to the departure of that other, was already late. But, yes, a matter of some ten minutes could that not be made up? Ah, monsieur, but who should say?

The guard departed, doubtless with private views as to the madness of all English speaking travelers.

"And there we are!" commented Kirkwood in factitious resignation. "If we're obliged to stop overnight in Brussels our friends will be on our track before we can get out in the morning if they have to come by motor car." He reflected bitterly on the fact that with but a little more money at his disposal he, too, could hire a motor car and defy defiance to their persecutors. "However," he amended, with rising spirits, "so much the better our chance of losing Mr

(Continued on page 6)



Easy to make good bread with ROYAL YEAST CAKES

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His eyes encountered the young man's, and he leered evilly.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

PRESERVING THE MUSK OX

Sanctuary Established In Valleys of Hanbury and Thelon Rivers, In Northwest Territories.

Canada is proceeding vigorously with her work of developing the Northwest Territory into a huge big game preserve as a means of the future further economic development of this territory. Following up its successful undertaking of restocking the area with buffalo, by preserving the herds discovered there a few years ago and augmenting their numbers by additions from the semi-domestic animals in the Alberta National Park, and the exhaustive investigatory work which is being prosecuted with the object of proving the feasibility of placing herds of reindeer in the same territory, the Canadian Government has taken steps to preserve the musk ox, says an article in Agricultural and Industrial Progress in Canada. A sanctuary for these animals has been established in the valleys of the Hanbury and Thelon rivers, east of Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories. The area contains 15,000 square miles comprised in a district 200 miles long and 75 miles wide.

The musk ox is peculiarly and essentially an animal of the sub-Arctic, in which region it has thrived for hundreds of years and where it is expected to thrive indefinitely under adequate protection. It is one of the most wonderful and potentially useful of the hoofed big game animals, a big strong animal, exceptionally free from disease, and capable of defending itself against all the enemies of its kind except you know, who kills for hobbies. If we can prevent him from guessing our destination and wiring back to Antwerp, we may win away. You understand?"

"Perfectly," she said, brightening. "And what do you purpose doing now?"

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ELEPHANTS AND IVORY

WORLD'S SUPPLY STILL COMES FROM AFRICA.

Largest Tuskers Are Shot In Uganda —Belgian Congo Is Probably the Richest Field for Elephant Hunter —Game Laws Tighter.

Africa still continues to supply the world with ivory, spes and peaceoks. Of these three, there is the greatest demand for ivory, says a writer in the Cape Argus, of Cape Town, South Africa.

At Dar-es-Salaam, says the article, on that placid lagoon which is rightly named the "Harbor of Peace," I watched the ivory coming on board the East African liner. It swung up from the lighters in canvas and in wooden cradles—great male tusks nine feet long, delicate little female "points" destined to click on the green cloth of the world's billiard tables. Swahili stevedores handled these heavy bundles reverently, for some of the tusks were worth $500 each.

All the way along the coast, in little tropical backwaters and large inland cities like Zanzibar, I met men who talked about ivory—and elephants!

Wherever hunters gather, in Tanganyika bush rest-houses, on the uplands of Kenya, at the "Place of the Winds" in the fever-haunted ports of East Africa, you hear the legend of the secret graveyards of big game and elephants.

Few dead elephants save those killed by the hunter's bullet are ever found in the jungle. It is said that a dying elephant, even an aged "rogue" elephant outlawed by its kind, will blunder painfully but inevitably to the secret graveyard of the herd.

There are supposed to be many such graveyards in Africa, but by many the legend is regarded as a myth.

In South Africa the elephant is nearly extinct and the tiny herd still living in the Addo Bush, near Port Elizabeth, is protected. Further north, in the happy hunting grounds of Selous, Alexley and Roosevelt, there are so many elephants that they are often a menace and always a nuisance. There is little fear of a shortage of ivory for many years to come.

Native crops in Tanganyika suffered so severely from the careless ramblings of elephant herds that the Governor recently allowed a dozen professional hunters to shoot 25 elephants apiece without licenses. It was an admirable scheme, but human nature defeated it. The hunters chose only the bull-elephants with heavy tusks, leaving the females, which were responsible for most of the farm raiding, untouched.

Hunters were then granted licenses entitling them to shoot three elephants a year at the reduced rate of £15 a head. The result was laughable. These wily old hands took out licenses not only for themselves but for their families, and anyone else who cared to do shooting with them. But the professional hunters did all the killing.

The Belgian Congo is now probably the richest field for the elephant hunter, though the largest tuskers are shot in Uganda. But game laws are becoming tighter all over Africa. The days when a hunter could kill twenty elephants within a radius of half a mile, and sell the tusks for £1,500 or more, are long past. Big game licenses are expensive nowadays, and they usually entitle the hunter to shoot only one or two male elephants.

Such restrictions look all right on paper; but in the vast spaces of Africa, where the law moves slowly if it moves at all, ivory poaching flourishes. Even the hunter who obeys the law is often well repaid. Before he squeezes the trigger he has a fairly accurate idea of the weight of ivory an elephant carries.

The unsporting hunter suffers heavy penalties if he is caught nowadays. Famous hunters like the late F. C. Selous used to despise the modern rapid-firing rifles because the elephant has little chance of escaping. Selous preferred the muzzle-loader. Imagine stuffing the charge into this old-fashioned weapon with a wicked old bull-elephant thundering down towards you! At the other end of the scale there are those strange "sportsmen" who use machine-guns.

Besides machine-guns, dazzling lights may not be used by hunters in Uganda. Motorists on bush roads encountering herds of elephant have found that the animals will run for miles in the glare of the headlights; and certain hunters were taking advantage of the fact.

Elephants, though they form immense targets, are among the most difficult big game to kill. The African elephant, with ears measuring fifteen feet from tip to tip, makes good use of his astonishing powers of hearing, and he can scent a man six hundred yards away. If his vision was equally good, the hunter's task would be impossible.

But the hunter knows that if he walks up-wind cautiously he can reckon on a shot at twenty yards. That, of course, is if the female does not give the game away. A young female elephant has a nervous habit of moving round the herd and keeping a bright look-out. When danger threatens she lifts her trunk and gives a warning scream that is the jungle's loudest noise.

Much African ivory comes, not from the white hunter, but from the natives tribes. A few unwary elephants are trapped in pits, though they are usually clever enough to avoid any ground which instinct and their sensitive trunks tell them is suspicious. A more skilful native method consists in dropping heavy poles from trees. They poison the spears, and having wounded an elephant, follow it up until it dies.

CHERRY TREE LEGEND.

Japanese Girl Fell In Love With Spirit of Cherry Tree.

According to an old Japanese legend a girl once fell in love with the spirit of the cherry tree. It happened in this way.

A beautiful girl named O Hanano went to pray at the Shrine of Mashibi no Kami, the god of love, when she was told by her father that she had chosen a husband for her.

Near the shrine was a cherry tree in full bloom, and beneath it stood a beautiful youth, who gave her a branch in smiling silence. Hanano refused, believing that he was fated to be her husband.

She was heartbroken when, she learned next day that her father had selected another suitor. Once more she sought the shrine, and once more the beautiful youth appeared with a branch of cherry blossom.

The jealous rival watched their meeting, and afterwards rushed from his hiding-place and tried to seize the youth. A gust of wind blew down masses of the blossom, and a moaning sound came from the heart of the tree. An indignant priest came and asked how he dared insult a god of love. But only the cherry tree.

Hanano was spared a loveless marriage. She spent her life at the shrine, for she had dared to love one who was more than human.

Butterfly Beau Brummells.

In the bird world the male attracts the female by its exquisite plumage. But male butterflies go a step farther; they attract the female by secret stores of perfume.

Patches of scales and hairs on the lower wings, or sometimes on the hindmost legs, secrete various smells, from the flavor of nabisco wafters to jasmine.

Some species from Ceylon give off scents ranging from chocolate candy to faint jasmine, and vanilla biscuits to meadow-sweets. Another group from South Africa smell like the blossoms of sweet-peas and clover, while some of the butterflies of Jamaica exhale the odorous perfumes of clove, pink and syringa. In Assam there is one species having a heavy perfume of musk and another of sweetbriar.

Since insects have very poorly developed sight, smell is an important factor, playing in many cases the part that light does with us. The big June night moths trust to the presence of the female for miles, bees can recognize members of their own hive, and queen ants are able to distinguish their own offspring by smelling.

Did You Ever Stop to Think

—Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant; and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

—That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

—Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

343 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Music From Nowhere.

A Russian inventor, by moving sensitive fingers up and down invisible keys in an apparently empty atmosphere, can reproduce, to a pianoforte accompaniment, the music of the masters with the touch and tone and variations of a practiced violinist. This coaxing of music from the air is done by means of a few lateral marvel of wireless science.

A box like a large-size cabinet has a thin rod rising from it, a number of tuning contrivances like cotton reels, some lengths of wire, and a couple of loud speakers.

Anyone's hands can produce the music, but wherever skilled person can play tunes, the unskilled can only produce discords.

The principle of this invention, which is to be known as the thermenvox, is, apparently, that the vibrations of the fingers and hands in the air create sounds. These are too minute to be heard by the human ear, and the new invention magnifies them so that they are audible.

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 5)

Hobbs. We must be ready to drop the instant the train stops."

He began to unfold another time table, threatening again to lose himself completely, and was thrown into the utmost confusion by the touch of the girl's hand. In appeal placed lightly on his arm. And had she been observant she might have seen a second time his knuckles whiten beneath the skin as he asserted his self control, though this time not over his temper.

His eyes, dumbly eloquent, turned to meet hers. She was smiling

"Please!" she iterated, with the least imperative pressure on his hand, pushing the folder aside.

"I beg pardon?" he muttered blankly

"Is it quite necessary, now, to study those schedules? Haven't you decided to try for the Ibreys express?"

"Why, yes, but"—

"Then please don't leave me to my thoughts all the time, Mr. Kirkwood." There was a tremor of laughter in her voice, but her eyes were grave and earnest. "I'm very weary of thinking round in a circle, and that," she concluded, with a nervous little laugh, "is all I've had to do for days."

"I'm afraid I'm very stupid," he humored her.

She watched him, a little piqued by his absentminded mood for a moment, then, and not without a trace of malice, "Must I tell you again what to talk about?" she asked.

Forgive me. I was thinking about if not talking to you. I've been wondering just why it was that you left the Alethea at Queensborough to go on by steamer."

And immediately he was sorry that his tactless query had swung the conversation to that upon his mother, the thought of whom could not but prove painful to her. But it was too late to mend matters. Already her evanescent flush of amusement had given place to remembrance.

"It was on my father's account," she told him in a steady voice, but with averted eyes. "He is a very poor sailor, and the promise of a rough passage terrified him. I believe there was a difference of opinion about it, he disputing with Mr. Mulready and Captain Stryker. That was just after we had left the anchorage. They both insisted that it was safer to continue by the Alethea, but he wouldn't listen to them and in the end had his way. Captain Stryker ran the Alethea right into the mouth of the Medway and put us ashore just in time to catch the steamer."

"Were you sorry for the change?"

"I?" She shuddered slightly. "Hardly! I think I liked the ship from the moment I set foot on board her. It was a dreadful place. It was all nightmarish that night, but it seemed most terrible on the Alethea with Mr. Hobbs and that abominable Mr. Hobbs. I think that my unhappiness had as much to do with my father's insistence on the change as anything. He was very thoughtful most of the time."

Kirkwood shut his teeth on what he knew of the blackguard.

"I don't know why," she continued, wholly without affectation, "but I was wretched from the moment you left me in the cab to wait while you went in to see Mrs. Hallam. And when we left you at Bermondsey Old Stairs, after we had parted with you, I felt—I hardly know what to say—abandoned in a way."

"But you were with your father, in his care."

"I know, but I was getting confused. Until then the excitement had kept me from thinking. But you made me think. I began to wonder, to question. But what could I do?" She signified her helplessness with a quick and dainty movement of her hands. "He is my father, and I'm not yet of age, you know."

"I thought so," he confessed, troubled. "It's very inconsiderate of you, you must admit."

"I don't understand."

"Because of the legal complication I've no doubt your father can 'have the law on me'"—Kirkwood laughed uneasily—"for taking you from his protection."

"Protection!" she echoed warmly. "If you call it that!"

"Kidnaping," he said thoughtfully. "I presume that'd be the charge."

"Oh!" She laughed the notion to scorn. "Besides, they must catch us first, mustn't they?"

"Of course, and"—with a simulation of confidence sadly deceitful—"they shan't, Mr. Hobbs to the contrary notwithstanding."

"You make me share your confidence against my better judgment."

"I wish your better judgment would counsel you to share your confidence with me," he caught her up. "If you would only tell me what it's all about, as far as you know, it'd be better advised to figure out what we ought to do."

CHAPTER XXV.

BRIEFLY the girl sat silent, staring before her with sweet, sombre eyes. Then, "It's a very long beginning," she told him, with a conscious laugh—"this sounds story bookish, I know—in the very beginning George Burgoyne Calendar, an American, married his cousin a dozen times removed and an English woman, Alice Burgoyne Hallam."

"Hallam?"

"Wait, please." She sat up, bending forward and frowning down upon her interlacing gloved fingers. She was finding it difficult to say what she must. Kirkwood, watching hungrily the fair drooping head, the flawless profile clear and radiant against the night blackened window, saw hot signals of shame burning on her cheek and throat and forehead.

"But never mind," he began awkwardly.

"No," she told him, with decision. "Please let me go on." She continued, stumbling, trusting to his sympathy to bridge the gaps in her narrative. "My father—there was trouble of some sort—at all events, he disappeared when I was a baby. My mother died. I was reared in the home of my great-uncle, Colonel George Burgoyne of the Indian army, retired. My mother had been his favorite niece, they say. I presume that was why he cared for me. I grew up in his home in Cornwall. It was my home, just as he was my father in everything but fact.

"A year ago he died, leaving me everything—the town house in Frognall street, his estate in Cornwall. Everything was willed to me on condition that I must never live with my father nor in any way contribute to his support. If I disobeyed, the entire estate without reserve was to go to his nearest of kin, Colonel Burgoyne was unmarried and had no children."

The girl paused, lifting to Kirkwood's face her eyes, clear, fearless, truthful. "I never was given to understand that there was anybody who might have inherited other than myself," she declared.

"I see."

"Last week I received a letter, signed with my father's name, begging me to appoint an interview with him in London. . . . I was so—guess how glad I was alone in the world, and he my father, whom I had never thought to see. We met at his hotel, the Piess. He wanted me to come and live with him, said that he was growing old and lonely and needed a daughter's love and care. He told me that he had made a fortune in America and was amply able to provide for me. As for my inheritance, he persuaded me that it was by right of payment of Frederick Hallam, Mrs. Hallam's son."

"I have met the young gentleman," interpolated Kirkwood.

"His name was new to me, but my father assured me that he was the next of kin mentioned in Colonel Burgoyne's will and convinced me that I had a real right to the property. After all, he was my father, I agreed. I could not bear the thought of wronging anybody. I was to give up everything but my mother's jewels. It seems my father said—I don't—I can't believe it now"—

She choked out a little, dry sob. It was some time before she seemed able to continue.

"I was told that my great-uncle's collection of jewels had been my mother's property. He had in life a passion for collecting jewels, and it had been his whim to carry them with him wherever he went. When he died in Frognall street they were in the safe by the head of his bed. I, in my grief, at first forgot them and then, afterward certainly put off removing them

"To come back to my father, night before last we were to call on Mrs Hallam. It was to be our last night in England. We were to sail for the continent on the private yacht of a friend of my father's the next morning. This is what I was told and believed, you understand.

"That night Mrs. Hallam was dining at another table at Pless, it seems. I did not then know her. When leaving she put a note on our table by my father's elbow. I was astonished beyond words. He seemed much agitated, told me that he was called away on urgent business, a matter of life and death, and begged me to go alone to Frognall street, get the jewels and meet him at Mrs. Hallam's later. I wasn't altogether a fool, for I began dimly to suspect then that something was wrong, but I was a fool, for I consented. I—I am ashamed. . . . You understand—you know"—

"I do, indeed," replied Kirkwood grimly. "I understand a lot of things now that I didn't five minutes ago Please let me finish."

But the time he took for deliberation was short. He had hoped to find a way to spare her by sparing Calendar, but momentarily he was becoming more impressed with the difficulty of dealing with her save in terms of candor—merciful, though they might seem harsh.

"I must tell you," he said, "that you have been outrageously cajoled, swindled and deceived. I have heard from your father's own lips that Mrs. Hallam was to pay him £2,000 for keeping you out of England and doing you an injunction. I'm inclined to question, furthermore, the assertion that these jewels were your mother's. Frederick Hallam was the man who followed you into the Frognall street house and attacked me on the stairs. Mrs. Hallam admits that he went there to get the jewels. But he didn't want anybody to know it."

"But they belong to me"—

"Just a minute." Rapidly and concisely Kirkwood recounted the events wherein he had played a part subsequent to the adventure of Bermondsey Old Stairs. He was guilty of but one evasion. On one point only did he slur the truth. He conceived it his honorable duty to keep the girl in ignorance of his straitened circumstances. She was already distressed by knowledge of his distress, nor could he tolerate the suggestion of seeming to play for her sympathy. It was necessary, then, to invent a motive to excuse his return to Ibrey's Emporium. I believe he chose to exaggerate the inquisitiveness of his nature and threw in for good measure a desire to recover a prized trinket of no particular monetary worth, of which she confessed and so forth. But, whatever the fabrication, it passed muster. To the girl his motives seemed less important than the discoveries that resulted from them.

"I am afraid," he concluded the summary of the confabulation he had overheard at the skylight of the Alethea's cabin, "you'd best make up your mind that your father"—

"Yes," whispered the girl huskily and turned her face to the window, a quivering muscle in the firm young throat alone betraying her emotion.

"It's a bad business," he pursued relentlessly—"bad all round. Mulready, in your father's pay, tries to have him arrested, the better to rob him. Mrs. Hallam, to secure your property for your precious pet, Freddie, connives at it if she doesn't instigate a kidnaping. Your father takes her money to deprive you of yours, which could profit him nothing so long as you remained in his or your possession. And at the same time he conspires to rob, through you, the rightful owners, if they are rightful owners. And, if they are, why should Freddie Hallam go like a thief in the night to secure property that's his beyond dispute? I don't really think you owe your father any further consideration."

He waited patiently. Eventually "No-o!" the girl sobbed assent.

"It's this way: Calendar, counting on your sparing him in the end, is going to hound us. He's doing it now. There's Hobbs in the next car, for proof. Until these jewels are returned, whether to Frognall street or to young Hallam, we're both in danger, both thieves in the sight of the law. And your father knows that too. There's no profit to be had by discounting the temper of these people. They're as desperate a gang of swindlers as ever lived. They'll have those jewels if they have to go as far as murder"—

"Mr. Kirkwood!" she deprecated in horror.

He wagged his head stubbornly, dismally. "I've seen them in the raw. They're hot on our trail now. Ten to one they'll be on our backs before we can get across the channel. Once in England we will be comparatively safe. Until then—but I'm a brute—I'm frightening you!"

"You are, dreadfully," she confessed in a tremulous voice.

"Forgive me. If you look at the dark side first, the other seems all the brighter. Please don't worry. We'll pull through with flying colors or my name's not Philip Kirkwood."

"I have every faith in you," she informed him, flawlessly sincere. "When I think of all you've done and dared for me, on the mere suspicion that I needed your help"—

"We'd best be getting ready," he interrupted hastily. "Here's Brussels."

It was so. Lights in little clusters and long, wheeling lines, were leaping out of the darkness and flashing back as the train rumbled through the suburbs of the little Paris of the north. Already the other passengers were bestirring themselves, gathering together wraps and hand luggage and preparing for the journey's end.

Rising, Kirkwood took down their two satchels from the overhead rack and waited, in grim abstraction planning and counter planning against the machinations in whose wiles they two had become so perilously entangled.

Primarily there was Hobbs to be dealt with—an easy task, for Kirkwood dared not resort to violence nor in any way invite the attention of the authorities, and threats would be an idle waste of breath in the case of that corrupt and malignant little coward, who, himself as keen as any needle, adept in all the artful resources of the underworld whence he had sprung, and further primed for action by that master rogue, Calendar.

The train was pulling slowly into the station when he reluctantly abandoned his latest unfeasible scheme for shaking off the little Englishman and concluded that their salvation was only to be worked out through everlasting vigilance, incessant movement and the favor of the blind goddess Fortune.

He saw nothing of Hobbs as they alighted and hastened from the station and hardly had time to waste looking for him since their train had failed to make up the precious ten minutes. Consequently he dismissed the fellow from his thoughts until—with Brussels lingering in their memories a garish vision of brilliant streets and glowing cafés, glimpsed furtively from their cab windows during its wild dash over the broad midcity boulevards—at midnight they settled themselves in a carriage of the Bruges express, which was speeding along through the open country with a noisy clatter; then a minute's investigation sufficed to discover the mate of the Alethea serenely ensconced in the corner behind.

The little man seemed rarely complacent and impudently greeted Kirkwood's scowling visage as the latter peered through the window in the coach door, with a smirk and a waggish wave of his hand. The American by main strength of will power mastered an impulse to enter and wring his neck and returned to the train more disturbed than he cared to let her know.

There resulted from his review of the case but one plan for outwitting Mr. Hobbs, and that lay in trusting to his confidence that Kirkwood and Dorothy Calendar would proceed as far toward Ostend as the train would take them—namely, to the limit of the run, Bruges.

Thus inspired, Kirkwood took counsel with the girl, and when the train paused at Ghent they made an unostentatious exit from their coach, finding themselves free of the Dutch customs and of the attendants edued the information that the two earliest trains to be obtained were the 5:00 for Dunkerque and the 5:37 for Ostend. A minimum delay of four hours was to be endured in the face of many contingent features singularly unpleasant to contemplate. The station waiting room was on the point of closing for the night, but Kirkwood, alarmed by the rapid ebb of the money he had taken from Calendar, dared not subject his finances to the strain of a night's lodging at one of Ghent's hotels. He found himself forced to be cruel to his kind to the girl, and Dorothy's cheerful acquiescence to their sole alternative of tramping the street until daybreak did nothing to alleviate Kirkwood's exasperation.

It was permitted them to occupy a bench outside the station. There the girl, her head pillowed on the treasure bag, napped uneasily, while Kirkwood plodded restlessly to and fro, up and down the platform, adding his poor, new wits with its problem of the future—not so much his own as the future of the unhappy child for whose welfare he had assumed responsibility. Dark for both of them, and how unbending tomorrow loomed darkest for her.

Not until the gray, formless light of the dawn dusk was wavering over the land did he cease his permambulations. Then a normal stir of life in the city streets, together with the appearance of a station porter or two, opening the waiting rooms and preparing them against the traffic of the day, warned him that he must rouse his charge. He paused and stood over her, reluctant to disturb her rest, such as it was, his heart torn with compassion for her, his soul imbittered by the cruel irony of their estate.

If what he understood were true, a king's ransom was secreted within the cheap imitation leather satchel which served her for a pillow. But it availed them nothing for comfort. If what he believed were true, she was absolute mistress of that treasure of jewels, yet that night she had been forced to sleep on a hard, uncushioned bench in the open. Until this morning she must waken her to the life of a hunted thing. A week ago she had had at her command every luxury known to the civilized world; today she was friendless but for his inefficient, worthless self and in a strange land. A week ago, had he known her then, he had been free to tell her of his love, to offer her the protection of his name as well as his devotion; today he was an all but penniless vagabond and there could be no dishonor deeper than to let her know the nature of his heart's desire.

Was ever lover hedged from a declaration to his mistress by circumstances so hateful, so uptoward? He could have raged and railed against his fate like any madman, for he desired her above all else, and she was lovely in his sight. She was to him of all created things the most wonderful, the most desirable.

The temptation of his longing seemed more than mortal long withstand. But resist he must or part forever with any title to her consideration—or his own. He shut his teeth and knotted his brows in a transport of desire to clutch, if only with his finger tips, the woven wonder of her hair.

And thus she saw him when, without warning, she awoke.

Bewilderment at first informed the wide brown eyes, then, as their drowsiness vanished, a little laughter, a little tender mirth.

"Good morning, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance!" she cried, standing up. "Am I so utterly disreputable that you find it necessary to frown on me so darkly?"

He shook his head, smiling.

"But you're frightful," she asserted, vigorously shaking out the folds of her plaited skirt. "And, as for my hat, it will never be on straight; but, then, you wouldn't know."

"It seems all right," he replied vacantly.

"Then please to try to look a little happier since you find me quite presentable."

"I do."

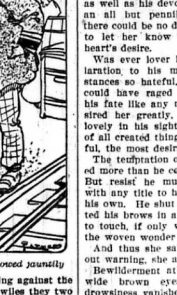
Without lifting her bended head she looked up, laughing, not ill pleased. "You'd say so really?"

Far down the railway tracks there rose a murmuring that waxed to a rumbling roar. A passing porter answered Kirkwood's inquiry; it was the night boat train from Ostend. He picked up their bags and drew the girl into the waiting room, troubled by a sickening foreboding.

Through the window they watched the train roll in and stop.

Among others alighted, smirking, the unspeakable Hobbs.

He lifted his hat and bowed jauntily to the waiting room window, making it plain that his keen eyes had discovered them instantly.



He lifted his hat and bowed jauntily

YOUNG WOMEN SUFFER MOST

These Two Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.—"I have been teaching for three years, and at the end of the year I always feel tired and have to quit. I was finally sick each month, have severe pains in my back until sometimes I was obliged to stop working. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I heard many women telling how good it was so I thought it would help me. And it did. Now I take six bottles every year and recommend it to others."—DONALDA FANTEUX, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.

"Unable to Work"

Canning, Nova Scotia.—"I had irregular periods and great suffering at those times, the pains causing vomiting and fainting. I was teaching school and often for some hours I would be unable to attend to my work. Through an advertisement in the papers I knew of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has been of great benefit to me, the troubles being completely relieved."—LAURA J. EATON, Canning, King's County, Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KIRKWOOD'S heart sank with the hopelessness of it all. If the railway directorates of Europe conspired against them, what chance had they? If the night boat train from Ostend had only had the decency to be twenty-five minutes late, instead of arriving promptly on the minute of 4:45, they two might have escaped by the 5:00 for Dunkerque and Calais.

"Miss Calendar," said Kirkwood from his heart, "just as soon as I get you home safe and sound I am going to take a day off flunt up that little village and fly into jail. In the meantime I forgot to dine last night and am reminded that we had better forage for breakfast."

He dodged them at a safe distance while they sallied forth and in a neighboring street discovered an early bird bakery. Here they were able to purchase rolls steaming from the oven, butter and fresh coffee and bolted in clean lettuce leaves and milk in twin bottles, all of which they prosaically carried with them back to the station, lacking leisure as they did to partake of the food before the train left.

Without attempting concealment (Hobbs, he knew, was eavesdropping round the corner of the door) Kirkwood purchased at the ticket window two tickets for the Dunkerque train. Mr. Hobbs promptly flattered him by imitation, and so jealous of his luck was Kirkwood by this time grown through continual disappointment that he did not even let the girl into his plans until they were aboard the 5:00 in a compartment all to themselves. Then, having with his own eyes seen Mr. Hobbs dodge into the third compartment in the rear of the same carriage, Kirkwood explained his plan, suggesting her to follow him, and together they left by the door opposite that by which they had entered.

The engine was running up and down a scale of staccato snorts in preparation. Already the cars were on the edge of moving, couplings clanking, wheels a-groan, ere Mr. Hobbs condescended to join them between the tracks.

Wearily disheartened, Kirkwood reopened the door, flung the bags in and helped the girl back into their despised compartment. The quicker route to England via Ostend was now out of the question for himself, he waited for a brace of seconds, eying wickedly the ubiquitous Hobbs, who had popped back into his compartment, but stood ready to pop out again on the least encouragement. His supposition he was pleased to shake a friendly foot at Mr. Kirkwood, thrusting that member out through the half open door.

Only the timely departure of the train, compelling him to rejoin Dorothy at once if at all, prevented the American from adding murder to the already noteworthy catalogue of his high crimes and misdemeanors.

Their midnight meal, consumed to the ultimate drop and crumb while the Dunkerque train meandered serenely through a sunny, smiling Flemish countryside, somewhat revived their jaded spirits.

For a time they laughed and chattered, pretending that the present held no care or troubles, but soon the girl, nestling her head in a corner of the dingy cushions, was smiling ever more drowsily on Kirkwood. And presently she slept in good earnest, the warm blood ebbing and flowing beneath the transparent skin of her cheeks, the ghost of an unconscious smile quivering about the sensitive scarlet mouth, the breeze through the open window at her side wantoning at will in the gilded wilderness of her hair. Kirkwood, worn with sleepless watching, dwelt in longing upon the dear, innocent allure of her until the ache in his heart had grown well nigh insupportable, then instinctively turned his gaze upward, searching his heart, reading the faith and desire of it, so that at length knowledge and understanding came to him of the weakness of his strength and the clean love that he bore for her, and, gladdened, he sat dreaming in waking the same clear dreams that modeled her unconscious life serenely for laughter and the joy of living.

When Dunkerque halted their progress they were obliged to alight and change cars, Hobbs a discreetly sinister shadow on the end of the platform.

By schedule they were to arrive in Calais about the middle of the forenoon, with a wait of three hours to be bridged before the departure of the Dover packet. That would be an anxious time. The prospect of it rendered both Dorothy and Kirkwood doubly anxious throughout this final stage of their flight. In three hours anything could happen or be contrived about. Neither could forget that it was quite within the bounds of possibilities for Calendar to be awaiting them in Calais. Presuming that Hobbs had been brute enough to harass their plans and advise his employer by telegraph, the latter could readily have anticipated their arrival, whether by sea in the Dover packet, or by land, the direct route via Brussels and Lille. If such proved to be the case it were scarcely sensible to count upon the arch adventurer contenting himself with a waiting role in the background.

With such unhappy apprehensions for a stimulant, between them the man and the girl contrived a makeshift counter stratagem, or it were better to say that Kirkwood proposed it, while Dorothy rejected, disputed and at length accepted it, albeit with sad misgivings, for it involved a separation that might not prove temporary.

Together they could never escape the surveillance of Mr. Hobbs; parted he would be obliged to follow one or the other. Considering the probable Alethea's mate Kirkwood undertook, delegating to the girl the duty of escaping when he could provide her the opportunity, of keeping under cover until the hour of sailing and then proceeding to England with the gladstone bag alone if Kirkwood was unable or thought it inadvisable to join her on the boat.

In furtherance of this design a majority of the girl's belongings were transferred from her traveling bag to Kirkwood's, the gladstone taking their place, and the young man provided her with voluminous instructions, a revolver which she did not know how to handle and declared she would never use for any consideration and enough money to pay for her accommodation at the Terminus hotel, near the pier, and for two passages to London. It was agreed that she should secure the steamer booking lest Kirkwood be delayed until the last moment.

These arrangements concluded, the pair of blessed idiots sat steeped in melancholy silence, avoiding each other's eyes, until the train drew in at the Gare Centrale, Calais.

In profound silence, too, they left their compartment and, passing through the station into the quiet, sun drenched streets of the seaport, Hobbs hovering solicitously in the offing.

Without comment or visible relief of mind they were aware that their fears had been without apparent foundation. They saw no sign of Calendar, Stryker or Mulready. The circumstance, however, counted for nothing. One or all of the adventurers might arrive in Calais at any minute.

Momentarily more miserable as the time of parting drew nearer, dumb with unhappiness, they turned aside from the main thoroughfare of the city, leaving the business section, and gained the sleepier side streets bordered by the residences of the proletariat, where for blocks none but children were to be seen, and of them only a few—quaint, sober little bodies playing almost noiselessly in their dooryards.

At length Kirkwood spoke.

"Let's make it the corner," he said without looking at the girl. "It's a short block to the next street. You hurry to the Terminus and look your self in your room. Leave the manager book both passages. Don't run the risk of going to the pier yourself. I'll make things interesting for Mr Hobbs and join you as soon as I can if I can."

"You must," replied the girl. "I shan't go without you."

"But, Dor—Miss Calendar!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"I don't care; I know I agreed," she declared mutinously. "But I won't can't. Remember I shall wait for you"

"But—but perhaps"—

"If you have to stay it will be because there's danger, won't it? And what would you think of me if I deserted you then at after all you've done? Please don't waste time argue. Why, when you come at 1 o'clock tomorrow or a week from tomorrow I shall be waiting. You may be sure Goodby."

They had turned the corner, walking slowly side by side. Hobbs, for the first time caught off his guard, had dropped behind more than half a long block. But now Kirkwood's quick sidelong glance discovered the mate in the act of taking alarm and quickening his pace. None the less the American was at the time barely conscious of anything other than a wholly unexpected furtive pressure of the girl's gloved fingers on his arm.

"Goodby," she whispered.

He caught at her hand, protesting "Dorothy!"

"Goodby," she repeated breathlessly, with a queer little catch in her voice "God be with you, Philip, and—and send you safely back to me."

And she was running away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DUMFOUNDED with dismay, seeing in a flash how all his plans might be set at naught by Dorothy's unforeseen insubordination, Kirkwood took a step or two after her, but she was fleet of foot, and, remembering Hobbs, he halted.

By this time the mate, too, was running. Kirkwood could hear the heavy pounding of his heels fast. Already Dorothy had almost gained the farther corner. As she whisked round it with a flutter of skirts Kirkwood dodged lightly behind a gatepost. A thought like Hobbs appeared to be down, chest nait, eyes straining for sight of his quarry, pelting along for dear life.

As, rounding the corner, he stretched out in swifter stride Kirkwood was inspired to put a spoke in his wheel, and a foot thrust suddenly out from behind the gatepost accomplished his purpose with more success than he had dared anticipate. Stumbling, the mate plunged headlong, arms and legs a-sprawl, and the momentum of his pace, though checked, carried him along the sidewalk, face downward, a full yard ere he could stay himself.

Kirkwood stepped out of the gateway and sheered off as Hobbs picked himself up, something which he did rather slowly, as if in a daze, without comprehension of the cause of his misfortune. And for a moment he stood pulling his wits together and swaying as though on the point of resuming his rudely interrupted chase, then the noise of Kirkwood's heels brought him about face.

"Ow, it's you, eh!" he snarled in a temper as vicious as his countenance.

"Myself," admitted Kirkwood fairly, and then, with a gleam of humor, "Weren't you looking for me?"

His rage seemed to take the little cockney and shake him by the throat. His purpled face bent low to foot, his face shockingly congested, and spat out dust and fragments of lurid blasphemy like an infuriated cat.

Of a sudden "Were's the gel?" he sputtered thickly on his quick shifting eyes for the first time noted Dorothy's absence.

"Miss Calendar has other business—none with you. I've taken the liberty of stopping you because I have a word or two"—

"Ow, you have, 'ave you?. I've a word for you too! 'And over that bag—and look slippy or I'll myke you pye for w'at you've done to me. I'll myke you pye!" he iterated hoarsely, edging closer. "'And it over or"—

"You've got another guess"—Kirkwood began, but saved his breath in deference to an imperative demand on him for instant defensive action, for a six inch blade of tarnished steel was winging toward Kirkwood's throat with the speed of light.

Instinctively he stepped back, as instinctively he guarded with his right forearm, lifting the hand that held the satchel. The knife, catching in his sleeve of tweed, slit the arm beneath painfully and simultaneously was twisted from the mate's grasp, while in his surprise Kirkwood's grip on the bag handle relaxed. It was torn forcibly from his fingers just as he received a heavy blow on his chest from the mate's fist. He staggered back.

By the time he had recovered from the shock Hobbs was a score of feet to the satchel rushed under his arm, his body bent almost double, running like a jack rabbit. Ere Kirkwood could get under way in pursuit the mate had dodged out of sight round the corner. When the American caught sight of him again he was far down the block and bettering his pace with every jump.

To be Continued.

Earnings of Railways.

Gross earnings of the Canadian railways in 1926 created a new record, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, and at $1,104,096,301, exceeded that of every year except 1925. Wheat traffic in 1926 was 40 per cent. above that of 1925.

Seed of a Fortune.

A Chicago man has deposited one dollar in a local bank with the stipulation that it shall be left to draw 3 per cent. interest, compounded half-yearly, for a period of 500 years. In 2427 the resultant fund is to be distributed among his male descendants. It is calculated that the fund will then be $2,000,000.

In Northern Ireland.

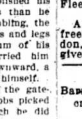
Agricultural statistics for Northern Ireland for 1927 show that ploughed land has decreased by 20,000 acres since 1926, but that cattle has increased by 21,000 and sheep by 70,000, and there are almost twice as many pigs as a year ago.

Planting Trees In Nova Scotia.

School children and Boy Scouts planted 100,000 trees in Nova Scotia during 1927. This is the beginning of a reforestation policy that is intended to reach an objective of two million trees a year.

A company is being formed at Saskatoon, Sask., to manufacture Columbia coal forever, a preparation made in Germany. A Canadian chemist has purchased the rights for Canada and the United States.

Cook's Regulating Compound



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23-1-7

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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First Aid Dominion Champions

The Montizambert Trophy, representing the first aid championship for the Dominion of Canada, is carried off this year by the Chapleau, Ontario, team of the Canadian Pacific Railway. First aid teams of the Canadian Pacific this year carried off all Dominion championships in competitions in which they were eligible. These included the Wallace Nesbitt Trophy, symbolic of first aid championships among all railways in Canada, the states of Maine and Michigan; the Sherwood Police Trophy, representing the championship among all uniformed police forces in the Dominion, which was won by the Angus Work Police Team No. 1, of Montreal.

The various trophies were presented recently in the board room of the Canadian Pacific at headquarters in Montreal in the presence of E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the C.P.R., and a large gathering of officers of the Company and officials of the Canadian Ambulance Association. The Montizambert Trophy and medals were presented to the various members of the team by E. W. Beatty, who took the opportunity of congratulating the team and expressing his gratitude for the honor thus brought to the Company through their successful efforts. The work of A. G. Shakespeare, who had the instruction of the men in eastern lines of the Company in hand, was highly praised by the President and other officials present, including Grant Hall, senior Vice-president; A. D. MacTier, vice-president of eastern lines and J. J. Scully, general manager of eastern lines. Those representing the St. John Ambulance Association were: Col. C. A. Hodgetts, director general of the Association, Canadian branch; Col. D. T. Irwin, past president and connected with it since its inception; Sir George Burn, member of the general council and Fred Cook, past president of the Association.

The Chapleau team also won the Ontario Provincial Championship and the Taylor Trophy and the Scully Cup, representing the championship of Algoma district of the Canadian Pacific.

Members of the team are from left to right, back row: A. L. Smith (captain), Chapleau, holding the Scully cup and standing behind the Montizambert Trophy; A. G. Shakespeare, first aid instructor of eastern lines. Lower row, left to right: E. R. Monerieff, seated behind the Ontario Provincial Trophy, and R. K. Smith, seated behind the Taylor Shield.

Here and There

Reports received from various guides in New Brunswick state that partridges have increased; moose are plentiful and deer greater in numbers than last year. On the Little Tobique River beaver are more numerous this year, but not elsewhere.

Alberta's wheat crop is so good that D. C. Coleman, Vice-President of Western Lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway believes it will reach 180,000,000 bushels. The record crop so far is 166,000,000 bushels, produced in 1923.

Rosebank Pride—71118, an Ayrshire cow owned by George Pearson & Sons, of Waterdown, Ontario, has just scored a Canadian and a world record for milk production, having given 25,641 lbs. of milk, 978 lbs. fat with average test of 4.14 per cent. Her five years' milking record is 87,843 lbs. milk, 3,633 lbs. fat.

Aviation history is being made nowadays. Canadian Air Board officials announce that enquiries have been received from 15 cities in Canada desirous of forming flying clubs. At the same time Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary for Air in the British Government, reports that the first of the two huge 5,000,000 cubic feet dirigibles being built in England for inter-Imperial commercial communication will be completed in about two years and that the maiden trip will likely be to Canada.

Nova Scotia has won the Agent-General's Challenge Cup at the Imperial Fruit Show held in Manchester, according to official advice by cable. Nova Scotia obtained the greatest number of points in the overseas section of the show, the basis for award being 4 points for each first prize, 3 for each second, 2 for each third and 1 for each entry receiving 75 per cent. Nova Scotia had 48 entries and won 7 firsts, 8 seconds and 5 thirds.

The establishment of a game sanctuary in western Nova Scotia was announced recently by W. L. Hall, Attorney-General of the Province. The reserve covers an area of approximately 600 square miles and contains fine scenery, majestic rivers and forests and lakes in which trout and wild life are said to thrive. The new sanctuary will take in the chief waterways of Lake Rossignol, Shelburne River, Jordan, Sixth and Fifth Lakes.

According to the latest Bulletin of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Washington, Canada ranks next to British India as to tobacco produced in the British Empire. "Stimulated by the preference granted Empire-grown tobaccos in the British market since September 1st, 1919," says the report, "the production of tobacco in Canada has increased from 14,232,000 pounds in 1918 to 28,884,000 in 1926; Ontario furnishing about 75 per cent. of the product and Quebec most of the remainder."

Gasoline has done all the damage possible to the horse industry in Canada, according to W. J. McCallum, horse importer of Brampton and Regina, who arrived in Canada recently on board the C. P. liner "Metagama." Mr. McCallum brought with him over 100 champion stallions which he purchased throughout the British Isles, France and Belgium during the summer months. He will take the valuable shipment west this winter and will dispose of them throughout the prairie provinces. Mr. McCallum is optimistic regarding the future of the horse industry in Canada and states that more pure-bred animals are needed on this side of the water.

Eccentric Trees.

Sometimes trees have peculiarities for which it is by no means easy to account.

There is the "praying" tree, found growing only in the precincts of Buddhist temples. It is said, on good authority, to bend, on solemn occasions, its stately head down to the ground.

The devil-tree of Madagascar has the evil habit of shaking poisonous spikes on any native who tries to take advantage of its apparently welcoming shade.

In California there is a tree which has gained for itself the title of the angry tree. If anything—a disturbing wind, for instance—happens to upset its temper its leaves emit with a distinct note of displeasure, and it fills the air with an offensive odor. Possibly the human observers have read more into these incidents than the occasion actually warrants.

Prof. Bose has told us that plants of all sorts have far more sense than they are usually supposed to possess; but that they must not be humanized too much. This practice has been carried too far already both in mammals and birds.

Destructive Boring Beetles.

Those who find pleasure in old furniture must always be on the look-out for small boring beetles, which borrow in anything wooden. They are very destructive; thus the repair of the damage they do to the oak beams in the roof of Westminster Hall is said to have cost the National Exchequer about $500,000. There are two common kinds—the Furniture Beetle and the larger Death Watch, well known for its amorous knocking on the hard wood as a signal to its mate. Prof. Arthur Thomson says the common Furniture Beetle, that makes furniture worm-eaten, lays its eggs in crevices in the wood, and these develop into white grubs, less than a quarter of an inch long, that at once begin to tunnel. They thrive on the dry-as-dust diet, apparently aided by partner yeast plants in their food canal, and in a year or more they turn into beetles that can fly. A great deal can be done by prompt use of turpentine to combat furniture beetles and other household pests.

Mlle. Chen, Anarchist.

Mlle. Chen, who is now a member of the Provisional Government of Shanghai, was well known in Paris, where she studied for many years. When in Paris she was found out by her early experiences as a youthful revolutionary in China, and her opinions were extremely advanced. She appeared thrilled when she described how at the age of 17 she used to journey about southern China, carrying in her luggage the dynamite she used for revolutionary plots. When the revolutionary movement was crowned with success in her native city of Canton she was one of the chosen young revolutionary students sent to Paris to learn western civilization. A few years ago she successfully passed her final law examinations.

Movement Is Westward.

French-Canadian factory workers in the New England states have begun a return migration to Canada which has grown to such proportions that the Government agent at Woonsocket, R.I., is making a trip to Western Canada to gain first-hand information about business conditions and opportunities available there. He states that at the present time there are about 1,500,000 French-Canadians in the New England states and that while many are returning to their old parishes in Quebec there is a pronounced movement to Western Canada.

COAL-BEGRIMED PRINCE.

Amusing Experience Which Befell King George While In the Navy.

An amusing experience which befell the navy is related in the new book written by Major Graham Brooks, called "The Duke of York," a volume which is dedicated to the present Duke of York and is a summary of the lives of all the Dukes of York.

Major Brooks writes:—

"One sultry noon in the early 'eighties an American citizen was being conducted over H.M.S. Canada, then doing duty on the North American and West Indian station. The ship was coaling, and the young sub-lieutenant, who was so cheerfully acting as the visitor's guide, was smothered with coal dust.

"The tour over, the American thanked the captain for the courtesy which had been extended to him, and commented warmly on the interesting and able manner in which his youthful guide had explained the mysteries of a warship.

"'I guess,' he added, with a smile, knowing that Queen Victoria's grandson was serving on board at that time, 'on a day like this, when you're coaling, you keep your prince wrapped up in cotton-wool.'

"The captain's eyes twinkled merrily at this remark, for the visitor's guide with the grubby face was none other than Prince George—now His Majesty the King."

The Dukes of York have all had romantic lives. Two were murdered, two fell in battle, three ascended the throne, three were exiled, while one never set foot in England. All the duke have had romances, while three were notorious "Don Juans." The second duke came in 1406 the first royal author of a book in our language.

At one period there were two Dukes of York! One was known as the "Bogus Duke," son of the Old Pretender, and he was the only Duke of York who never set foot on English soil, and the only Stuart who never loved a woman.

THE MERSEY TUNNEL.

Tunnel Between Liverpool and Birkenhead Will Cost £5,000,000.

Great interest is taken everywhere in the progress of the Mersey Tunnel, which was started in 1926 at Liverpool, says an article in Answers.

It is the largest tunnel in the world. Two and a half miles long, and forty-four feet in diameter, it will cost £5,000,000 to build and take five years in construction. It will be thirty feet below the bed of the river between Liverpool and Birkenhead, and will carry two roads for traffic, the above one 24 feet wide. The upper road will take four lines of traffic and the lower road two.

As fumes from petrol vehicles would be a serious inconvenience in a tunnel of this length, special air channels will be constructed beside the lower road. Fresh air will be pumped into these continually and admitted by gratings to the main tunnel.

Three hundred and fifty men are employed day and night drilling out the rock. A vertical shaft 180 feet deep has been sunk at Pierhead, Liverpool, and a horizontal shaft 20 feet in diameter are being drilled side by side under the river to Birkenhead. When these are completed the surplus gained by the drilling will enable us to leave the final tunnel forty-four feet in diameter.

Before the tunnel is finished over a million tons of rock, equal to a hill of quite respectable size, will have to be cut away.

While this work is proceeding under the river the flow of water into the tunnel is checked by pumping cement into the rock under pressure all round, and so filling up the fissures in the rock and making it very nearly watertight. Finally, the tunnel is lined with cast-iron plates bolted together in watertight rings, similar to those used in the London Tubes. The weight of iron in these plates alone is 137,000 tons.

Pulp and Paper Industry.

A Government report on the Canadian pulp and paper industry covering the year 1926 states that it is the most important manufacturing industry in the Dominion with regard to net and gross value of production as well as total value of wages and salary distribution. There were 115 mills in Canada manufacturing pulp and paper in 1926, in which a capital of $501,714 was invested and on which had a gross production of $215,488,215 and a net of $130,285,420.

Woman to Visit Southern Pacific.

Leaving civilization for a year the wife of Dr. C. M. Yonge, of Plymouth, England, is to accompany her husband and other experts in a British exploration expedition to the lonely wastes of the Great Barrier Reef in the Southern Pacific. Mrs. Yonge will be the first Englishwoman to live on the Great Barrier Reef, and her home for twelve months will be a primitive hut on one of the low islands, which Queensland as the nearest civilized country.

CLEARING SLUMS OF LONDON.

New Flats at Low Rentals In Historic Bill Sikes' Lair.

A sweeping offensive against London slum areas, on the lines decided by the London County Council, and schemes for re-housing 25,000 people will cost £5,000,000.

Twenty-six areas are to be cleared. The scheme deals with notorious spots in thirteen boroughs, and 18,000 tenants will be provided with new flats on the sites.

The new flats will be mostly five-storey buildings, let out in self-contained tenements of two, three or four rooms at 10s 6d. to 15s. a week, excluding rates. In some cases where displaced tenants cannot afford the rent, rents in flat-will be let to a family living near the cleared area and the vacant house taken for the slum dwellers.

Dickens lovers will be interested in the announcement that on the site of the traditional lair of Bill Sikes' blocks of flats are to be erected. One will be named Pickwick House, and another Oliver House.

Among the areas to be transformed are 8½ acres in Ware street, Shoreditch; 23 acres in Bermondsey's road and Brand street, Islington; Watergate street, Deptford; Prusom street, Stepney, and part of Bethnal Green.—London Daily News.

TRAFFIC IN OLD MADRID

VEHICLES ON BOULEVARDS FOLLOW DRIVER'S FANCY.

Complexities of Spanish Life Which the Government Have Not Smoothed Out—Letter-Boxes Are Attached to Street Cars.

Traffic in Madrid is one of the few complexities of Spanish life that the Government of Primo de Rivera has not undertaken to smooth out, and it is one that to a visitor seems peculiarly in need of reform. Pedestrians, street cars, automobiles, victorias, ox teams, burros, mule teams and arrieros go their several ways; and while there are traffic laws, nobody seems to know them.

Along the Paseo de la Castellana, the finest and most popular boulevard of Madrid, all the city passes. The street cars go down on the left-hand side of the streets and up on the right. Victorias follow the same general direction, provided they hold to their guiding line, the curbstone. Private cars go up and down in either direction, depending upon the skill of the chauffeur. Ox teams go both ways or up both ways, their route dependent upon the driver's fancy or the mood of the gentle bovines.

The lumbering carts, when they move at all, usually choose the car track as the line of least resistance. This choice comes often just as a car appears loaded with homeward bound passengers. Under these circumstances it takes all the motorman's diplomacy, plus a bit of spicy Spanish, and the use of the ox-drivers (who is frequently more obdurate than his beasts) to swerve off from the tram trail.

There are no blue-coated cops holding up the four corners of a street. In the first place, the sun would prevent them from having a fighting chance. In the second place, their absence dispenses with an unusual problem. Strange to say, this involves the matter of mailing a letter in Madrid.

No street letter-boxes are in evidence, nor do there seem to be any post office branches, though the city boasts of nearly a million people. Post-boxes there are, to be sure, but they are coyly attached to the front ends of the street cars, something after the fashion of the bird in sailor. Lifting the lids of some boxes requires time and patience.

A third problem harassing the visitor arises from the fact that if a pedestrian and an auto collide it is supposed to be the former's fault, regardless of evidence. This is in accordance with city ordinances. Consequently, the driver sues the pedestrian—that is, if the latter is still alive. In the event that he is killed it might be possible for the motorist to sue his estate, though no such case is recorded. Obviously, it behooves a mere humble stranger in Madrid to give the autobus a wide berth. The safest thing is to drive his own car and look out for himself.

What makes the traffic seem doubly complex is the awkwardness in using the various means of travel. When patronizing a street car one finds it extremely difficult to get out at the desired destination — unless, that is, one knows the magic signal for alighting. There are no bells to ring. One must be prepared therefore to give the universal "Pst!" which in Spain means anything but scaring a cat. Upon hearing this unique signal the motorman automatically stops his car. The traveller may then alight much more promptly than if he had recalled the polite requests learned in college Spanish. A lady, however, should indicate by the look or gesture that she is nearing her destination, whereupon some gentleman courteously pronounces the syllable for her.

Another little item, ignorance of which is conducive to blocking traffic, should be remembered. When a passenger pays his car fare a receipt in the form of a tiny piece of colored paper is handed to him. In the event that the conductor forgets you have paid, you must show the elusive bit of paper.

More Wireless Wizardry.

Already the speed at which messages can be transmitted across the seas is phenomenal. Now, however, the Radio Corporation of America announce that they have discovered a method of transmitting messages photographically ten times faster than by present methods. The new method takes the form of a high-speed "book" automatic letter. It will continue successfully the dot-and-dash signals of the wireless code will be replaced.

Not only does the new system increase the speed of messages, but complete secrecy is assured. A speed of two hundred and fifty words a minute will probably be attained.

Sir Edmund Gosse's Opinion.

Modern young women are a great advance on what their grandmothers were, although they are apt to be rather too boisterous. That is the opinion of Sir Edmund Gosse, the famous writer, now in his seventy-ninth year. On the other hand, he finds that our young men are very docile and gracious."

Model Farm for Princeport, N.S.

F. W. Swindells, a wealthy Connecticut manufacturer, is developing a model farm at Princeport, twelve miles from Truro, Nova Scotia. This farm contains 400 acres under cultivation and 50 acres of woodland, ideally situated on the summit of a hill overlooking the upper part of Cobequid Bay and valleys of exceeding beauty. His Guernsey herd consist of 50 pure-bred milch cows. His barns are on the Danish dairy plan and are said to be the best in the province.

SUGAR BEETS IN ALBERTA

Irrigated Area Is Particularly Fitted for Sugar Beet Growing—8,000 Acres Planted.

An interesting and informative address on a new industry of great importance to the Province of Alberta was delivered by T. George Wood, district manager of the Canadian Sugar Factories, Limited, Raymond, at a meeting of the Calgary Board of Trade, says Industrial Canada.

In the course of his address, Mr. Wood mentioned there was a population of approximately 3,000,000 people in the three prairie provinces with a sugar consumption of about 100 pounds per capita. If sugar was produced for that population, he said, it would mean the utilization of about 100,000 acres of irrigated land, which would employ the energies of 5,000 to 10,000 farmers and would provide farm labor for approximately 6,000 to 8,000 men. They had already absorbed in their one small factory about 4,000 European laborers as hand workers on the crop. He claimed that the sugar beet industry had greater power to absorb surplus of labor than anything else in an agricultural way in Alberta.

"The reason that Alberta is particularly fitted for sugar beet growing is due to its irrigated area," he said. "The beets require about 20 inches of water during the growing season, and there is no other place in Western Canada where the water can be supplied; it cannot be supplied through natural rainfall."

Mr. Wood said there were 89 sugar factories in the United States, the majority of them being in irrigated districts, and Canada there were only three—two in Ontario and the one that had been started in Raymond, so that there was room for at least eight or nine more factories with a capacity of 1,000 tons of beets a day in Alberta.

"After all, the factory does not make the sugar," he continued. "It is made in the fields by sunshine and water that the beet gathers together. All that the factory does in the fall is to crystalize it, and to put it in a form that can be stored and kept indefinitely and made into an article of food consumption."

The speaker said that there was no other irrigated crop which could be produced for anything like a gross net that would equal the acreage returns of sugar beets.

"The Canadian Sugar Factories," he said, "guarantee a return of $4 a ton for beets this coming year, which is a higher guarantee than last year. At the $4 guaranteed on a twelve-ton to the acre crop, this will be a gross return of $84 an acre for the beets. In addition to that the farmer will have the returns from the pulp, and the feed tops on a twelve-ton to the acre crop are equal to one cutting of alfalfa hay in feed value. The farmer will also have the molasses to keep remaining after the sugar has been extracted, which makes a wonderful stock feed.

"The wet beet pulp in districts close to the factory is also utilized most satisfactorily by farmers for dairy cows, steers, and sheep," he said.

Mr. Wood said that the outlook was extremely encouraging. 8,000 acres would probably be planted in 1928. Experimental tests had been eminently satisfactory and the production of sugar last year showed a splendid percentage compared with the previous year. Last year they made 97,000 100-pound sacks of sugar.

5,000-YEAR-OLD TREASURES.

A Bewildering Array of Articles Are Now In British Museum.

Wonderful treasures from Ur of the Chaldees (the birthplace of Abraham in Mesopotamia) are now revealed in all the beauty which was theirs more than 5,000 years ago in the laboratory of the British Museum, which was recently opened to public inspection.

Gold and silver ornaments and copper implements have now recovered their original colour after the treatment of Mr. C. L. Woolley, leader of the expedition to Ur of the Chaldees, and the staff of the laboratory. Wonderful jewellery of gold includes perfect strings of gold and lapis-lazuli beads, threaded exactly as they were worn thousands of years ago.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the exhibits is a silver dish which is thought to be the earliest piece of silverware discovered. It is engraved with a beautiful pattern, and it is difficult to realize that the art of the Sumerians, who lived on the heights in the period about 3500 B.C. Part of the dish, unfortunately, is imperfect through contact with another metal.

A Lilliput Motor.

A garage mechanic—who is also an expert electrician—living at Lincoln, Nebraska, has spent his spare during th past three years in constructing what he declares to be the smallest electric motor ever made.

The total weight of the motor is one hundred grains. The machinery run by the motor, and the motor itself, are mounted on a block of wood 1½ inches square by ¾ inch deep. There are fifty-eight parts in the motor made of gold, silver, copper, brass, and iron. These parts are held together by means of screws, the smallest of which has 260 threads, and the largest 220 threads. Many of the parts are so small that they cannot be seen by the naked eye. The belt makes 400 revolutions a minute and is made up of strands constructed of cotton thread.

The only tool of the man, had to use a jeweller's magnifying glass whilst making the parts.

Hotter Than the Sun.

A temperature four times hotter than that of the sun was attained during recent experiments at Mount Wilson Observatory. At this terrific heat the physical bases of metals were quite opaque.

The flame of a candle can be seen through, but no one can see through the blinding flame of an oxy-acetal burning at 20,000 degrees centigrade. This astounding temperature was produced by hurling the discharge from an electric condenser at a tension of 40,000 volts into a metal wire drawn out to a state of remarkable fineness. The flash of light caused by the discharge took place lasted only for 25,000th part of a second, but photographic records proved that next to the very hottest star, it was the hottest thing ever produced in the world.

JAMAICAN MARKET DAY

NATIVE WOMEN AFFORD AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

Is a Big Event In the Lives of a Small Army of Native Traders — Crowd Is Jovial—Women Are Athletic—Fruit and Vegetables.

Market day at Kingston, Jamaica, is a big event in the lives of a small army of native traders, writes Stuart Hamill in the New York Times.

It really commences before daybreak on the previous morning.

Natives within a radius of from thirty to sixty miles begin then the toilsome and laborious procedure of transporting fruits and vegetables from their farms to Queen street, the centre of Kingston's produce trade.

All day long the winding, dusty roads that stretch from the mountains to the teeming, sprawling harbor city are lined with the dark-skinned Jamaicans and their naked laughing children. Afoot, on donkey-back, or on clattering and overcrowded trucks they cart their mangoes, cho-chos, green bananas, cocoa beans, ginger and breadfruit to the weekly Saturday sale.

The more fortunate who possess small motor trucks are accompanied, apparently, by all the neighbors for miles around. Curled up informally atop baskets of tropic fruits, clinging precariously to the slender, running boards of sedans or sitting unconcernedly astride the hood, they wave cheerily and indiscriminately to all passers-by.

Those who cart their goods on donkey-back into town sling across the patient backs of their diminutive carriers duplex baskets of wire-grass, open sides being filled with cargo. Usually seated astride the plodding animal is a bare-legged, impudent little Jamaican while teeth flash in continual smiles, and who regularly slaps the flanks of his steed with a thin bamboo strip — with an air of indifferent apathy. Instinct which shows clearly that he knows this sort of thing won't incite his ruminative quadruped to reach town one minute earlier, and that the donkey knows he knows.

The most interesting picture, perhaps, and certainly the most athletic one, is afforded by the women folk. Balancing huge wire-grass baskets of mangoes, bananas and breadfruit atop their heads, they stride forward along the winding roads with sure, swinging grace and the hauteur of conquering monarchs returning to triumphal fetes.

Jamaican women usually travel afoot, abandon the rigors of the open road for the comparative comfort of a Kingston trolley car at one of the terminals miles from the city. Thus, for the modest sum of four cents and with the heterogeneous collection of bags, baskets and bundles over which disorder on the seats about them, they complete their seemingly interminable journey to Queen street.

This thoroughfare, running east and west through the centre of the town, is bisected by King street, the main artery. As dusk rolls in a purple haze over the city the last straggling natives from the roads settle themselves for the night, their produce gathered jealously about them in carefully piled heaps.

Worn out by the hardships of the day, most of them draw shawls and ragged overcoats over themselves and, curled up in the bumpy sidewalk-like weary animals. A few, awake to the ever-present possibility of turning a premature tuppence, sit cross-legged in the flickering gas-lit tables, faces lit by the glare of kerosene lamps in the wire-grass baskets, eyes searching avidly for possible customers. Interest is manifested in the strange native dialect and occasionally in stranger English the merchandise they have for sale.

From some dark corner comes a motorcycle, swaying about and endangering the lives of all in the vicinity. There is a shout from the rider, a frantic jabbing of feet on the back seat of the lurching machine, at which the burly Jamaican driving stops the motorcycle abruptly, turns around and with his companion in the sidecar which can be heard two blocks away, and, with a hoarse, impatient cry, turns and careens off into the night.

A native policeman—a truly imposing spectacle in black, red-striped trousers, white brass-buttoned jacket and white helmet—corners the lone motorcyclist in a sharp, abrupt tone of command. As the cyclist continues on his way unheeding, the policeman runs after him, blowing a shrill whistle.

The signal is caught up by others, echoing and reverberating through the night air. White jackets emerge in the bizarre glare of a corner saloon, narrowly escaping being run down by the cyclist, who suddenly swings round the corner into Hanover, winding, unfrequented side street. After several moments the noise and excitement of the chase are swallowed up in the night, and the scene resumes its pre-market-day air—lazy, tawdry, sometimes boisterous and sunsavory, always good-natured.

On the morrow, when the tropic sun climbs above the misty shoulders of the steaming mountains, Queen street will be a-buzz and a-flutter.

By nine o'clock all the baskets of fruit and vegetables will be carefully lined up along the curb, the vendors, cross-legged, sitting behind them in the earlier laborers, yawning their way to work on the roads or at the docks.

The mangoes usually bring three cents a dozen. So if the vendors realize from 75 cents to $1 on their day's sale they journey back to their distant mountain homes content with their profits. Indeed that they have done a day's work which was pleasing and adequately remunerative.

American Tourist Traffic.

A recent report issued by the Secretary of Commerce of the United States Government at Washington estimated the American tourist traffic into Canada as representing $200,000,000 of the $761,000,000 spent by Americans in foreign countries for the year.

New Scallop Beds.

Two new scallop beds have been discovered off the coast of Nova Scotia, near Digby. It is stated that they are the largest yet discovered in the waters of the coast of this province.

KILLING SONG BIRDS.

They Have a Most Serious Enemy In Man.

When the song birds have succeeded in bringing up their little families, they cease singing, writes O. G. Pike, in Chambers's Journal, in an article in Tit-Bits. In the spring and early part of the summer the British woods and fields are filled with song; after the beginning of July there is a silence in the trees.

Many times I have been asked how young birds learn to sing. They do not, in most cases, hear their parents; for some birds, including the nightingale, give up singing directly the young appear. Their voices probably come to them without any tuition.

In the hedges, woods, and fields at the beginning of September a great number of young birds may be seen travelling south. From the middle of August to the end of September there is a steady stream of birds leaving Britain for warmer countries, and some of these on their way will break out into song.

The autumn music is very different from that heard in the spring. The notes are subdued; there seems to be a sadness in their songs.

Birds that travel south in the autumn have many dangers to contend with on their long journey, some of them have travelled six thousand miles. Besides the bad weather, strong winds, and other forces of nature, they have a most serious enemy in man.

For thousands of years these very useful travellers have been coming and going as regularly as the seasons, and they have become used to man. Now, however, the dwellers in the countries around the Mediterranean have discovered that these small birds are a delicacy, and they are being trapped and killed in their thousands. Swallows, martins, warblers, flycatchers, and flocks of other useful insect-eating birds are being killed to satisfy this new craze.

During migration, ships that travel in the Mediterranean on the Mediterranean often carry thousands of tired travellers. Almost every rope and line in the rigging is packed with birds. The trapping, having discovered this, now set out with special ships fitted with wires for the birds to perch upon, and when a great number are peacefully resting a powerful electric current is sent through the wires.

This after time this is done, and it is impossible to tell what it will mean to the European countries in a few years.

All these migratory birds are insect feeders, and each pair capture about one million insects during their stay.

With such a wholesale destruction going on in the autumn, and again in the spring, it is little wonder that some birds are becoming fewer and fewer each year.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Joy of Life Is the Real Love of the Beauty of the World.

"Of all the joys of life which may fairly come under the head of recreation there is nothing more great, more soothing, more lasting than in the widest sense of the word than real love of the beauty of the world," writes Viscount Grey in "Fallodon Papers."

"Some people cannot feel it. To such people I can only say, as Turner once said to a lady who complained that she could not see sunsets as he painted them, 'Don't you wish you could, madam?' But to those who have some feeling that the natural world has beauty in it I would say, cultivate this feeling and encourage it in every way you can. Consider the seasons and the joy of spring, the splendor of the summer, the sunset colors of the autumn, the delicate and graceful bareness of winter trees, then bridal veil of the snow, the early light upon water, what the old Greek called the smiling of the sea.

"Have this feeling for the beauty, if we have it, we possess a pearl of great price. I say of great price, but it is something which costs us nothing beyond the will at all parts of the joy which is in the world for everybody who cares for it. It is the joy in widest commonanty spread; it is a rich possession for us if we care for it, but in possessing it we deprive nobody else. The enjoyment of it, the possession of it, excites neither greed nor envy, and it is something which is always there for us and which may take us out of the small worries of life. When we are bored, when we are out of tune, when we have little worries, it clears our feelings and changes our mood if we can get in touch with the beauty of the natural world."

Marvelous Microscope.

What is described as the most wonderful microscope in the world—the only one of its kind existing—has just been completed by Mr. J. E. Barnard, whose studies with Dr. Gye on the cancer problem have astonished the world a few years ago. This instrument is claimed to be "the most penetrating eye that the human brain has ever built."

These are some of the things it will do: Give a photograph in a depth of 1-250,000th part of an inch; show the microscopic life of a germ such as anthrax; resolve the smallest known living organism or mineral deposit; and give a magnifying power of 2,500. Photographs of the "skeletons" of microbes such as anthrax, the bay bacillus, typhoid or cholera, when by a certain process they only give the outline of the creature, but show up the nuclei, the granules, and the different organs of the body.

A "Faculty of Fisheries."

The establishment of a "Faculty of Fisheries" at Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S., is under consideration. If this course should be added to the curriculum, it will be the first time in the history of this continent that lectures on fisheries will have been delivered as a college course.

After Thirty-Four Years.

Calling at a cottage in Seal, Kent, England, where an aged woman of ninety-two resides, two men gently introduced themselves as her sons who had gone to America thirty-four years ago. It was their first visit to the homeland.

Ants Are Destructive.

White ants are appallingly destructive; even great cities fall victims to them. In Australia they will attack and demolish a large farmcart over night, leaving only the metal parts uneaten.

Saturday, December 3rd, is the last day you can register Guesses on the Number of Stitches used in Knitting the Sweater on display in our Main Street Display Windows

Special "Values" in all Departments for Poultry Day Shoppers

We are Ready for Christmas at C.D.S.L.

The problem of choosing Xmas gifts need not be a perplexing one—not if you shop at your C. D. S. L. store. For here you will find a wide and wonderful galaxy of gifts—purchased in many of the world's best markets—gifts that are all attractive, gifts that are all different, gifts that are inexpensive. Your entire shopping list can be selected quickly and advantageously.

Gifts chosen now will be held until Xmas if deposits are made.

We invite your inspection.

Our Toy Department

Opens Officially on Saturday, Dec. 3rd

Everyone is invited to see the Countless Attractions that have been sent to us from Santa's Workshop

Mechanical Toys. Trains. Tricycles. Games.
Toy Furniture. Dolls. Carriages. Books.

"Toy-land" is bristling with "gift suggestions" for the little folk. From the toy factories all over the world have come toys and games to help the children celebrate this glorious Yuletide season. Here are jolly good toys that amuse and instruct, that will gladden the heart of everyone in the household, from Baby, up.

"Now" is the ideal time to choose—now, while stocks are bright and fresh. While assortments are complete in sizes and colors.

Articles selected "now" will be reserved till Christmas, on payment of a deposit, and delivery made to suit your convenience.

Women like "Surprise Gifts" at Xmas

These Gift Suggestions will Please

"KIMONOS," made from warm, attractive Esmond and Beacon blankets, **Priced $4.75 and $5.95.**

"GOWNS," made from rayon silk, in clever, attractive styles, **Priced $1.95 to $5.50.**

"SCARFS," in plain, stencilled and hand-painted designs, delicately colored. **Priced from 98c. to $4.95.**

"SWEATERS," in fine or heavy wool weaves, in styles for house and sport wear. **Priced from $2.75 to $5.95.**

"GLOVES," in newest styles and colors, featuring cleverest vogues in trimming. **Priced 59c. to $3.00.**

"HOSIERY," pure thread silk, all wool, silk and wool, in fashionable colors. **Priced 75c. to $2.50.**

"HANDBAGS," in fashion's most authentic shapes, sizes and colors. **Priced from 98c. to $6.50.**

"UMBRELLAS," smart, sturdy models, with dependable quality covers and strong frames. **Priced from $1.50 to $7.50.**

Men Prefer "Wearable Gifts" at Christmas

These Gift Suggestions are Safe

"CAPS," built by the finest makers in Canada. Our Christmas range is particularly clever. **Priced from $1.50 to $2.50.**

"FUR COATS" the out-door man will find one most enjoyable. In face of advanced costs, ours are still **priced at $47.50.**

"SHIRTS," no man ever has enough. See the beauties in our Xmas assortments. **Priced from $1.50 to $2.95.**

"MUFFLERS," in rayon silk, crepe-de-chine or pure wool, displayed in plain and fancy colors. **Priced from $1.00 to $3.95.**

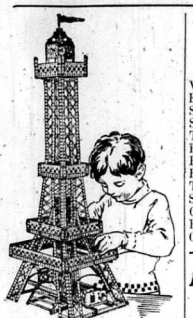
"HANDKERCHIEFS," in pure linen, lawn or silk, hemstitched or initialled finish. **Priced from 10c. to $1.00 each.**

"BELTS AND BUCKLES," plain or fancy leathers, with buckles plain and monogramed. **Priced from 25c. to $1.00.**

"NECKWEAR" beautifully patterned silks and crepes. Colors that any man must approve. **Priced from 50c. to $1.50.**

"HOSIERY," finest imported and domestic makes in silk, silk and wool, all wool. **Priced from 50c. to $1.00 pair.**

Canadian Department Stores Limited



MECCANO

A builder toy that will interest any boy who has a bent for building things. It is made from steel parts of excellent quality that fit perfectly when correctly applied.

Priced $1.25, $2.00, $3.00, $6.00 per set.

Here are the Toys that make Xmas A Happy Day for Boys and Girls

Wind-up Trains from	35c. to $4.75 each	Sewing Machines from	$1.00 to $2.00 each
Electric Trains, from	$2.00 to $5.00 each	Stoves with Kettles from	25c. to 50c. each
Sandy Andys from	65c. to $1.50 each	Bake Boards	50c. each
Steam Engines from	95c. to $3.00 each	Ironing Boards	50c. each
Tinker Toy Sets	75c. each	Doll Cradles from	$1.25 to $1.65 each
Horses and Carts, from	$1.00 to $1.50 each	Kitchen Cabinets	$1.25 each
Horses, from	50c. to 75c. each	Dressing Tables	$3.50 each
Ford Cars, special	25c. each	Bed and Mattress	$2.00 each
Tricycles from	$4.50 to $10.50	Doll Carriages from	$2.00 to $7.95 each
Sleighs from	75c. to $1.25	Doll Go-Carts	$2.95 each
Crokinole Boards	$2.95 each	Dolls from	10c. to $4.50 each
Horns from	10c. to 25c.	China Dishes from	35c. to $1.95 set
Games from	25c. to $1.00 each	Aluminum Dishes from	75c. to $1.25 set

Practical Suggestions from the Aisles of Imported Gifts

BOUDOIR CLOCKS

In attractive cases, that have been cut from solid Alabaster, beautifully tinted in various colors. Equipped with standard works, that give very satisfactory service.

Priced from **$1.50 to $7.50 each.**

Same works enclosed in square face metal cases, at **$1.25 each.**

LIVING-ROOM CLOCKS

An imported Clock that requires winding only once a year. When properly adjusted it keeps accurate time. Comes with a brass base and a glass dome, that creates a very attractive appearance.

This Clock is priced at $15.00, which represents exceptional value.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Daly spent last week in Toronto.

Miss Katherine Terrill, of Consecon, is the guest of Miss Emma VanAlstyne.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. H. Travers, Kingston, were in Napanee on Monday for the Daly dance

Mr. C. F. Shindel, Scranton, Pa., spent the week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson.

Mr. J. H. S. Derry, of Kingston, was in town on Friday, attending the funeral of the late E. McLaughlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Perry and daughter, of Brighton, are visiting friends and relatives in Napanee and vicinity.

Miss Catherine Terrill, of Consecon, rendered in splendid voice, a much appreciated solo at the Sunday evening service in Grace United Church.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson and daughter, Mrs. Shindel, left on Monday for New York, from where they will sail on Saturday on the C.P.R. Empress of Australia, for a five months' tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Root and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rhodes, of Brockville ; Miss Marguerite Losey, of Cleveland ; Miss Aimee Shaw, Miss Jean Robertson, Mr. Clifford Sinzgiff and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Walker, of Toronto, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Daly, and attended the dance given by them on Friday evening at the Masonic Hall.

BIRTHS

Willoughby—At Napanee, on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, 1927, to Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Willoughby, a son —Neil Bradley.

MARRIAGES

Humphrey—Meredith—At Napanee, on Monday, Nov. 28th, 1927, Charles Blake Humphrey and Ada Meredith, both of Adolphustown Township.

DEATHS

McAuley—At Richmond, on Saturday, Nov. 26th, 1927, Patrick McAuley, aged 45 years.

McLaughlin—At Napanee, on Thursday, Nov. 24th, 1927, Ephraim McLaughlin, aged 71 years.

Perry—At Wilton, on November 26th, 1927, Inez Marie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Earl Perry.

Radio !

See and hear the latest triumph in Radio. The Rogers Batteryless, which operates from your electric light socket. No chemicals, no charges, no eliminators. Costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

The Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Minister of Education for Ontario, has consented to be present at Commencement exercises of the Deseronto High School in Naylor's Theatre on December 16th.

Three young men were arrested at the scene of Sunday's train wreck, charged with robbing the mails. They were caught picking over the mail, which was scattered over the track from the wreck. They appeared before the Police Magistrate at Napanee on Monday evening and were remanded for sentence. Four other lads will also be brought in, charged with a similar offence.

Carmen Woods, Sheffield township, is in the Napanee gaol, charged with killing an animal, the property of Morton Vanhuesen, also of Sheffield township. The prisoner shot the animal, a two-year-old heifer, in a pasture field and sold the hide. He is also charged with the theft of a quantity of groceries stolen from a rig in a church shed at Tamworth. Thos. Baker, who sold the hide for Woods is also in gaol, charged as an accessory.

"Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father. And whatso-ever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it. If ye love me, keep my commandments." John 14 : 11-15.

All common things, each days'
Events, that with the hour begin and end.
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may
ascend.—Henry W. Longfellow

A BIBLE LOVER.

WORKS HARD, DANCES GAINS 3 LBS. A WEEK

"I work hard, dance, and have gained 3 pounds a week since taking Vinol. My nervousness is almost all gone."—Mrs. F. Lang.

Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver peptone, iron, etc. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. The very first bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

Notice to the Public.

J. W. Metzler and C. Hawley have moved their Insurance Offices over the Montreal Bank, in the office formerly occupied by the late G. F. Ruttan.

J. W. METZLER.
C. HAWLEY.

52-d

IT IS EASY TO MEET ST. PETER

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

The recipe for meeting St. Peter ? Here it is : Take any fool, add plain jackass ignorance and a motor car, soak the fool well in his own ego, place in the car and let go. After due time, remove and set in a satin-lined receptacle and garnish with flowers.

But the fool grins at advice and offers the following tips to those who wish to pass through the Pearly Gates.

Always drive fast and never sound your horn when leaving an alley. Race with locomotives when approaching a grade crossing. Engineers like it, as it breaks the monotony of their jobs. Take the shortest route around blind left-hand curves. Let the other fellow watch out for himself. Never look around when you back up. Always speed. It distinguishes you as a driver of pep.

Drive fast on wet pavements and never use non-skid chains. There is always something to stop you—often a heavy truck or a strong curb. Drive just as if there weren't seventy million other cars in service. In wet weather always drive in trolley tracks. It's smooth going and out of the mud. Always lock your brakes and your weed chains in the tool box when skidding. It makes the job more artistic.

In sloppy weather drive close to the curb and splash pedestrians. Dry cleaners appreciate it. Always use a cutout. Snappy drivers always do, and sick people love it. Never sound your horn on the road, but save it for late at night as a door bell. In this way you will be sure to get attention from mothers of sleeping children.

When driving at night make sure one of your headlights is out. This makes people think you are Dead Eye Dick, which greatly enhances your safety. When stopping for traffic signals always inch onto pedestrian's right of way, and also make your "horseshoe" turns at intersections where the traffic is heaviest.

The fool grins. That same grin is on his face when, later, he is hurried to the morgue—only then the grin is more horrible.

Opportunity.

To those interested in securing a radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used a short time and are in A1 condition—at greatly reduced prices :

1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed Eisemann, 5 tubes.

Also bargains in table, cone and horn speakers.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

COUNTY COUNCIL

Council met in regular session at the call of the Warden, in the Court House, on Tuesday afternoon. Warden G. H. Young presiding.

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille opened the session with prayer.

The minutes of the last meeting of the June session were read, and approved.

Mr. Aylesworth presented the first report of the Finance Committee, recommending that the Kingston General Hospital be paid $1623.50, in settlement of account rendered in June. Also that the committee had investigated the September account from the hospital, and had authorized payment of $1840.00 in settlement of same. The report was adopted.

A communication from the Department of Highways, re exemption of the Townships of Amherst Island, Denbigh and Kaladar, from roads taxation approving of the County By-law in this respect. Filed.

A communication from the Highways Department, allowing the County to add the amount paid the Workman's Compensation Board to Highways expenditure, and thus receive a return from the Government on this expenditure. Ordered filed.

A communication from the Highways Department, re insurance on County road machinery, was ordered filed.

The report of the Warden and Clerk re orders on Treasurer issued since June session, was on motion referred to the Finance Committee to report.

A communication from Belleville Children's Aid Society, re Betty Stanley, a ward committed to the Children's Aid Society at Belleville, at the expense of this County.

On motion the Warden and Reeve of Ernestown were instructed to make further inquiries in reference to this matter.

A deputation from the Village of Bath appeared before the County Council, asking the support of the County in their efforts to have the Eastern grain terminal established at that point. Dr. Northmore was the chief speaker, supported by Messrs. Sheppard, Osborne and Hagerman.

On motion of Messrs. Miller and Elliott, the Warden, with Reeves Creighton, Aylsworth and Loyst, were appointed members of a deputation which will go to Ottawa to interview the Minister of Railways and Canals, and present the arguments in favor of Bath as a grain terminal.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Bath deputation for their able presentation of their claims.

The Council adjourned until 1 p.m. Wednesday in order that the various committees may meet on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.

Wednesday Afternoon.

Mr. Alpine Woods, Chairman of the Napanee Board of Education, addressed the Council in reference to the vocational classes now being carried on in the evenings in the Napanee Collegiate Institute. About 40 per cent of the pupils attending the classes are from the country.

On motion, the grants to the Lennox Fair, the Addington Fair, the Odessa Fair, and the Amherst Island Fair be the same as in 1926. Carried.

A writ issued by George Loyst, for one hundred and twenty dollars, damages on account of a ditching contract in South Fredericksburgh, in 1925, was read. Explanations of the matter by Reeve Johnston, of Adolphustown, the County Road Engineer, and the Reeve of South Fredericksburgh, were made, and the matter was laid on the table until Engineer Wiggins could be present.

Council adjourned for the benefit of the Finance Committee.

Thursday.

A communication from the Workmen's Compensation Board, in reference to amount of premiums paid in 1927. Filed.

Mr. Aylesworth read a further communication from the Minister of Railways and Canals, re the grain terminals.

The audited report of the Globe Indemnity Co.'s County insurance, showing a small balance returnable to the County, was read and filed.

Mr. T. H. Wiggins, Engineer of the South Fredericksburgh Municipal Drainage job, appeared before the Council, and furnished figures, showing the actual yards of excavation which was necessary where the new culverts were built across the road.

On motion Messrs. Elliott, Loyst and Fisher were appointed a committee to endeavour to effect a settlement with Contractor Loyst.

The Finance Committee reported, recommending the payment of requisitions of Napanee Collegiate Institute, Newburgh High School, and the various Continuation Schools. Report adopted.

An account from the Town of Napanee, for the County's share of Centre Street paving, $22,297.20, was presented.

Mr. Waite, manager of the Dominion Bank, addressed the Council in reference to raising the money to make the deficit in the County finances, which amounts to about $40,000.00, which will have to be borrowed from a bank in order that the county meet its debts.

Mr. Horace Paul, Roblin, appeared before the Council in reference to the purchase by the County of snow plows. Referred to County Roads Special Committee to report.

The County Property Committee reported in reference to the improvements made to the County Building, at a cost of $9554.00. Report adopted.

On motion the Warden and Clerk were authorized to negotiate a loan from the Dominion Bank of $33,571.25, and that a By-law be introduced confirming the same.

A copy of the Grand Jury's report at the last Assize Court was read and filed. Laid on table until January session.

Friday.

The Special Committee, on County Roads reported, enclosing the County Road Superintendent's report of expenditure on County Road construction and maintainance in 1927, up to October 1st, in detail, showing total expenditure :—Construction of roads, $92,520.23; construction of bridges $9,548.00; total $102,068.23. Maintainance roads $44,127.23; general account $5,239.21. Total expenditure $151,434.67.

In addition to the above there is a balance owing the contractors for the amiesite roads of $8,608.77.

The amount authorized by the Council on roads was $100,000.00 for construction, and $50,000.00 for maintainance, and the over expenditure is $10,043.44 occasioned by an extra amount of amiesite laid to fill gaps in the road, and the extra top applied to the road from Selby north to Sharp's Corners.

Considerable discussion took place as to the reason and responsibility for the overdraft. Report adopted.

A By-law to borrow $33,571.25 from the Dominion Bank was introduced, put through its various stages, and finally passed.

On motion a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Chas. Ball by the County Council for their entertainment by Mr. Ball on their visit to his home last summer. Also to the gentlemen who furnished cars for the transportation of the party.

Moved by Coun. Ball, seconded by Coun. Glenn, that on account of a misunderstanding, the Townships of Denbigh, Kaladar and Amherst Island were charged with an advance of $300, which amount was greater than the amount they were entitled to receive, and the present motion is to allow these townships to retain the extra money they received in 1926, as the County has already received the 50% Government bonus on the amount paid.

Communication from Victoria Industrial School, re committment of one Blower to that institution, was read and filed.

The following accounts were ordered paid :—

U. M. Wilson, rent, 1925, $30.00; U. M. Wilson, rent, 1926-27, $200.00; U. M. Wilson, rent, 1927, $75.00; S. R. Hart & Co., Registry Office, $50.60; Templeton & Son, $56.25; Neely's Bookstore, $11.15; Boyle & Son, $4.50.

Mr. U. M. Wilson was heard in reference to his rent account, $305.00, explaining that by arrangement with the committee of Council, Mr. Wilson's allowance for rent was raised to $100.00 per year, and produced the Clerk's letter acknowledging the increase in rent.

Re account Township of Ernesttown, re J. Herbert, $62.00, $30.00 was ordered paid.

Accounts, E. J. Corkill, sundries, $16.30; and W. E. Loyst, $13.50, were ordered paid.

Moved by Mr. Elliott, seconded by Mr. Loyst, that the Council recommend Mr. Geo. Dawson as a tile drainage expert. Carried.

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Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

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The Great English Preparation.
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood and Nerve Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $1 per box, 3 for $2 Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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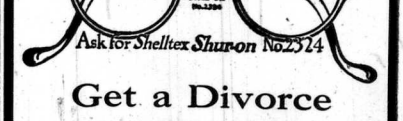

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